McKean County Miner.

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KNOX ENDORSED AT THE STATE CONVENTION.

Not a Dissenting Vote Heard Among the Delegates.

PORTER SUPERIOR COURT JUDGE.

Gov. Stuart, Elverson, Rook and Habgood for Delegates-at-Large to National Convention—A Very Harmonious Gathering.

Harrisburg, April 29.—Without a single contesting delegation present and with every indication of a completely harmonious gathering, the Republican State convention assembled here to-day to elect four delegates-at-large to the Chicago National convention, four alternates, nominate a candidate for superior court bench and to name electors-at-large.

With the assembling of to-day's convention the boom for Senator Knox for the presidential nomination was launched. Every mention of his name was greeted with the wildest applause and one of the features of the platform adopted was an enthusiastic endorsement of his claim to be the standard bearer of his party this fall.

The Pennsylvania Republican convention instructed the delegates to the National convention at Chicago to support Senator Knox for president.

The convention nominated Justice William Porter to succeed himself on the superior court bench. It nominated M. L. Lorhier of Philadelphia and R. F. Jones of Pittsburg to be electors-at-large and elected Governor Stuart, James Elverson of Philadelphia, Charles A. Rook of Pittsburg and Robert P. Habgood of Bradford to be delegates-at-large to the National convention and elected S. A. Kendall of Somerset, Dr. S. L. Flood of Meadville and Henry M. Warren of Chester to be alternates.

Senator Langfitt was chairman of the convention and Colonel Wesley R. Andrews was re-elected state chairman. There was no contest over the election or over the nominations.

The platform adopted is an exceedingly brief document in comparison to those for former years. It strongly endorses the national administration, especially the contentions of President Roosevelt that congress should control interstate commerce.

"We record our entire confidence in the administration policy in proceeding step by step to test the scope of existing legislation, and fully approve of such remedial legislation as has been enacted upon its recommendation. Pennsylvania expresses double pride in this the greatest work of the Roosevelt administration by reason of the ultimate relation borne to its origin and its completion by Senator Knox as attorney general and United States attorney."

The tariff plank, which has been watched for with the great interest owing to Pennsylvania being regarded as the home of the high protective theory, speaks of the necessity for revision by its friends: "While not abating one jot from its adherence to the distinctive merits of the policy of protection which has been the cause of America's population, power and prosperity, the Republican party of Pennsylvania recognizes a general demand for a review by the incoming congress of tariff legislation to the end that such modifications may be made therein as will adapt it to the necessities and equitable demands of the present time and in such a manner as will best subserve the real welfare of the American people."

A currency system is advocated that will permit of more elasticity in times of excessive activities but will safeguard all medium of exchange.

The Panama canal is mildly criticized and an appeal is made for a more liberal waterways appropriation declaring the national government should make it possible that all harbors, rivers, etc., should be utilized to their full economic capacity.

Senator Penrose and the entire Pennsylvania congressional delegation is endorsed as is the administration of Governor Stuart.

Senator Knox is enthusiastically endorsed for the presidency and his career is reviewed with praise.

Attention, Dog Owners!

No doubt you are aware that all dogs must be tagged by April 1st, 1908. If not they will be disposed of according to law.

Those who have not purchased tags had better do so at once.

Tags may be purchased at Edgar W. Strong's plumbing shop.

EDGAR W. STRONG,
Chief Burgess.

Hand Painted China.

On Monday Mrs. Lillian S. Backus will have an attractive line of hand painted china on exhibition at her home at No. 605 Main street. All are invited to call an inspect this line.

Cash paid for Furs and Hides by C. H. Gleason.

I. O. O. F. CELEBRATE

Their 89th Anniversary in Bradford on Monday—Great Success.

Bradford Era: The Odd Fellows of Elk and McKean counties held their annual reunion in this city on Monday. The Three-linkers turned out in large numbers and the occasion of the celebration of the 89th anniversary of the founding of Odd Fellowship in America, proved a great success.

The weather during the early part of the day was threatening and this may have kept away some of the visitors, but later the sun shone and while the parade was passing through the principal streets during the afternoon the weather was ideal.

Odd Fellows and members of the Rebekah lodges of the two counties commenced to arrive early in the day, but the largest crowd came on the 10:45 a. m. B., R. & P. train, which also brought Grand Master E. H. Hart of Harrisburg, a prominent Methodist clergyman of the State capitol.

The Grand Master was met at the depot by the reception committee and escorted to the St. James hotel. The Citizens' band was at the head of the procession followed by Canton Bradford, No. 48, which last named organization acted as general escort of the day. This train also brought a large delegation from the towns of Elk county as well as Smethport Lodge and Encampment, the Red Men's band and the Johnsonburg band.

The main event of the day for the public was the big parade which formed at 1:30 p. m. at the Odd Fellows' temple and moved from the Public Square. The formation of the parade was as follows:

W. G. Maxwell, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fifth Regiment.
Captain L. E. Smart, Major R. L. Bricker, Lieutenant H. S. Hawkins and Sergeant C. J. Anderson.
Citizens' Band, Bradford.
Canton Bradford, No. 48, Patriarchs Militant.
Smethport Encampment, No. 278.
Kane Encampment, No. 154.
McKean Encampment, No. 246.
Johnsonburg Band.
Johnsonburg Lodge, No. 268.
Kinzua Lodge, No. 444, of Mt. Alton.
Ridgway Lodge, No. 969.
Wilcox Lodge.
Red Men's Band, Olean.
Smethport Lodge, No. 389.
Eldred Lodge.
Hazelhurst Lodge, No. 33.
Tuna Lodge, No. 411, Bradford.
Carriages containing speakers and officials of the Elk-McKean Anniversary Association.
Rebekahs in carriages.

The line of march was as follows: Starting at the Temple, to Main to Webster to Corydon to South avenue to Mechanic street to Walker avenue to Kennedy street to Boylston street to Davis to Main to the Temple, where the column was disbanded.

The procession was a long one and as it passed through the streets the sidewalks were lined with people.

Immediately following the parade a meeting was held at the Odd Fellows' temple. The large apartments of the Odd Fellows were crowded and many were obliged to be turned away for lack of room. Rev. J. W. Kramer of Hanover Lodge, I. O. O. F., of Wilmington, N. C., offered prayer, after which Grand Master Hart delivered an address on Odd Fellowship in general. His remarks were listened to with much interest by the large assemblage.

At the completion of the address the annual meeting of the Elk-McKean Anniversary association was held and Kane was selected for holding the next annual reunion. Officers were elected as follows: President, J. M. Mohr, Kane; vice president, George Edmonds, Kane; secretary, Mrs. Bell Edmunds, Kane; treasurer, Mrs. Lillian Meyers, Kane.

At the meeting of the association 17 lodges were represented.; four Encampments; one Canton, and seven Rebekah lodges.

The exercises of the day closed in the evening when a grand ball was held at the Odd Fellows' temple. Music was furnished by Jamison's orchestra.

Notice to Bond Bidders.

Notice is hereby given that sealed bids will be received on Borough paving bonds by the Secretary of Smethport Borough on or before the first day of May, 1908. 316 bonds at $100—par value—bearing interest at 6%, payable semi-annually, will be sold. These bonds will begin to mature after one year, and continue to so mature annually, for not more than 16 years, with the right reserved to the Borough to pay off any or all of some at any time before the maturity of same. All bids must be in not later than 8 o'clock p. m., Friday, May the first. The Borough reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

W. G. HOLDER,
Sec'y of Council.

Spring Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

16tf MRS. CARRIE CLARK.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Letter from Manila.

Through the courtesy of Guy B. Mayo we publish below extracts from two letters from his brother, Geoffry Mayo, who is now on the Engineering Corps of the United States Bureau of Public Works. From his letters we judge that Geoff., as he is familiarly called by his many friends in this vicinity, is doing well and likes his position. The extracts from his letter to his mother, dated Feb. 20, follow:

You ask about the earthquake. I guess I never did write about that so will tell you my impressions as I remember them. I was sleeping at that time in the Sala on a bed made of a shot raised on blocks and at the best a rather insecure or rather unstable bed. Had just dozed off when the first shock came. I woke up under the impression that some one was trying to tip my bed over as it was shaking quite hard. I could not understand what it was until Mr. Osborn said "an earthquake." It lasted some three or four minutes but did not do any more than to shake the house slightly. There was a second shock at two or three in the morning but I did not awaken. There was no damage done in San Fernando and so far as I know none to amount to anything at other points in the Islands. There have been two or three slight ones since that time but they were not noticable if one was on the ground.

Now as to our food. I thought I had written you about it before, but you say that I have not so I will try to tell you now.

We do not have cow's milk, but instead have canned milk which comes, I believe, from Australia. Our butter also comes from there. For table use we have just as good butter as you get at home, but for cooking we use canned butter. The natives use "Carrabao" or Water Buffalo milk and also goat milk. There are thousands of goats in the Islands. One would not dare use milk, or butter made from the milk of these animals, as the natives are so unsanitary in handling the products that disease would surely crop out.

All our meat comes from Australia or the China coast. Beef, pork and mutton being shipped alive from these points to Manila.

Our bread is made at an American bakery (Clark's) in Manila and is just such as we have at home. Our cook is a Pampangan Filipino. He has been working for Mr. Osborn for several years now and has learned to cook things in an American way. For breakfast we have some cereal, such as oatmeal, etc.; fruit, generally oranges or bananas, are just beginning now to get Mangas, which is, I believe, the best fruit grown; eggs, cooked any way we want them; coffee and toast. For lunch: mutton or pork chops, potatoes, bread, tea, and some sort of a fruit salad. For dinner: vegetable soup, some kind of boiled or roasted meat, potatoes, side dishes of beans, tomatoes, etc., and desert, which is ice cream or some sort of an ice, from three to five times a week.

Was down to Manila last Saturday. Stayed with Mr. Palmer, who was living in a mess in Ermita, the American district of Manila. I got back here Monday noon.

Am going to Angeles to-morrow afternoon on a hunting trip and will not get back here until Monday morning. We are going to camp out in the mountains. Several men are coming from Manila and we expect to bag some game and to have a good time generally. Saturday is Washington's birthday and we have that and Sunday, too.

Under date of Feb. 29, he writes to Guy thusly:

Will try to give you some of the details of the hunting trip I took on Washington's birthday. I left here Friday afternoon, Feb. 21st, on the 2:30 train and joined the rest of the party in Angeles about an hour later. The party consisted of Squires and Bingham, two prominent Manila merchants; a Mr. Gabadioff from Manila; Mr. Bryan, the contractor on the high school building; Mr. Kenny, one of our Provincial road foreman, and myself. We took carromatas from Angeles to Porac and had supper at Kenny's home. Left there at about seven o'clock and rode in carromatas to Pio, which lies in the foot-hills of the Zamballes Mountains. We were then about 14 miles from Angeles. We waited there until the moon came up and then hiked back into the mountains about 4 miles and made camp.

We had 15 native cargodores to carry our camping outfit and as many more to act as drivers and handle the dogs. We started out before daylight and went back still further and began to hunt. On the first drive I got a shot at a young buck which I wounded slightly with buck shot. Kenny killed it a few moments later with a rifle. Four others came out of the brush on that drive, but though we got several shots we did not succeed in getting any more. On the last drive before dinner Kenny killed a large doe. We got no more game that day. Sunday morning on the first drive three deer came out but not near enough to give a shot. About noon I got a fine shot at an 8-prong buck but missed him with both barrels. In the afternoon Mr. Bryan shot a large wild sow and one young shoat. I can tell you without any doubt that young wild pig is the best meat going. After Mr. Bryan shot his pig we set out on foot for Porac, a walk from where we were then of some eight miles. We got there at about 8 p. m. and stayed over night with Mr. Kenny. Got back here at 4 p. m. Monday. Now old man, don't you wish you were over here where you could enjoy a little sport of that kind? On the whole trip we saw 11 deer and 9 pigs and succeeded in shooting two of each.

You may tell the folks that I got my raise with an appointment as "Assistant Engineer," at $1600.00 per year, the raise to take effect on Feb. 1st.

"The Devil Chaser."

Mrs. Robert Buchman, sister-in-law of one of Northampton county's millionaires, Councilman Henry Smith, made the following statement to the authorities of Nazareth, Pa., when questioned about the strange death of May Irene Smith, her five-year-old niece. The child's death, which occurred Tuesday, was the outcome of a religious orgy, a new sect calling themselves "Devil Chasers." The religious meeting lasted from Saturday afternoon until the child died.

The tragedy occurred in the home of Robert Buchman. In their frenzy the "Devil Chasers" wrecked the place from roof to cellar. Doors were wrenched from their fastenings, window frames pulled out and furniture completely demolished. The torn and mutilated bodies of chickens and that of a collie dog belonging to Buchman were found scattered about the house leads the authorities to believe the Smith child may have been killed in some sacrifical rite practiced by the "Devil Chasers."

How the child met its death is unknown, the mother was the one who found the body. She, herself, was one of the most enthusiastic believers of this new religion; she declares she heard her child calling for her and went to the child's room. "My baby was dead, she was cut and bleeding," sobbed the woman. "My baby's back looked as though a dozen wildcats had jumped on it. Buchman was on the floor beside her, he appeared to be praying."

When the child's body was examined, Mrs. Smith's statement in regard to the injuries was found to be true. Buchman was arrested Tuesday afternoon. His wife told the coroner that the child had been killed by God, and that her husband was God.

Will Study Law Though Blind.

On Thursday of last week Judge Bouton granted a motion permitting Stephen A. Huff, who is 25 years of age and totally blind to become a law student. Thomas Curtin, aged 22 years, a lifelong chum of Huff, has passed the preliminary examination to become a law student and they will study together, Curtin reading to Huff. Both are residents of Kane and we understand they will take up their studies in a law office in that place.

When nine years old Mr. Huff was participating in a Fourth of July celebration and the premature explosion of a giant cracker or something of the sort caused the loss of his eyesight. Mr. Curtin, we have been informed, has assisted him much in acquiring sufficient education to become a law student and now he is ready and willing to continue the task of fitting him for the practice of law, and when they are admitted they intend to become partners in the profession.

There are not many young men who would have the pluck and perseverance, after being stricken blind at Huff's age, to give enough time to study, under such difficulties, to fit themselves for the practice of law, and there are fewer young men who have the untiring steadfastness to undertake to teach an unfortunate friend all these things. Both young men deserve all the encouragement and assistance their friends can give them in this undertaking.

The Spring Cleaning Day

inaugurated by the Travelers' Club will be observed on Tuesday, May 5. If rainy and unfavorable, the first pleasant day thereafter.

The work will be in charge of competent men who will see that it is carefully and expeditiously done. Those who cannot assist by furnishing men and teams or working themselves may, if so inclined, contribute financially toward the expense of such help. The committee having the work in hand ask that all rubbish, garbage, etc., to be removed be placed by the roadside, if not already there, that it may be seen and conveniently loaded.

Let each and every one of us work on this day toward the beautifying of the town. Laying aside our own personal interests; labor for the advantage of every citizen of the borough, remembering that "every human action gains in honor, in grace, in all true magnificence by its regard for things that are to come."

Carpets Cleaned and Laid.

Any one wishing carpets taken up and cleaned, drop postal or call on H. M. Spring, Hill St. Next to Grist Mill.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

A serious accident that fortunately did not terminate fatally befell the two young sons of John Tracy, and the 7-year-old boy of D. F. Keefe, Saturday afternoon, December 1, 1888, about 5 o'clock, at the intersection of Main and Union streets. As usual the boys were coasting on the latter street, and with their bobs hitched together were in the act of descending the hill, as the team of Albert Hackett was coming along up Main street. The boys not seeing the danger ahead, made no effort to stop the bobs, and in consequence ran under the horses feet. They were all trampled on and injured severely, young Keefe sustaining a bad cut on the head, and a number of bruises, while the skull of Michael, the youngest of the Tracy boys, was fractured, his brother having several fingers injured, one of which was broken. Doctors Freeman and McCoy attended the unfortunates who are doing very well at present. Michael, who has a wide fame for pluck, is reported to have smiled several times during the surgical operation, in which a piece of skull an inch square was removed from his head. The boys will probably never forget their eventful ride.

A suicide occurred at the poor-house last Saturday, January 5, 1888, about noon. An old man named Eastwood had retired to his room a short time before the dinner hour and not appearing when summoned, Superintendent Chadwick went to his room to look after him. When he opened the door he was surprised to see the old man upon his knees before the bed post with a cord about his neck, which sustained him in that position. Upon further examination the Superintendent found that he was dead, having undoubtedly hung himself. The cause of the deed is unknown. The remains were interred in the poor house burying ground last Sunday, Rev. Chandler officiating.

On Tuesday evening, December 11, 1888, about 7:30 o'clock, the people of Smethport were surprised to see the hills and sky painted a red lurid glare, and upon further examination found it to be caused by a terrible conflagration in East Smethport. W. W. White's planing mill having caught fire from some unknown origin, was half consumed by the time the alarm had brought the hose boys with their carriage to the spot. The boys succeeded by hard work, in arresting the flames and saving the adjoining grist mill, and a number of adjacent buildings, but in spite of all efforts, much valuable property was destroyed, the aggregated loss of which has not been estimated. Mr. White did not have the property insured, and has the sympathy of the entire community.

McClosky-Wilson—At the M. E. parsonage, December 16, 1888, by Rev. T. W. Chandler, Mr. William G. McClosky of Buck Creek, Clinton county, Pa., and Lillie M. Wilson of Row City, Pa.

Gallup—At Norwich Center, this county, on Tuesday morning, December 18, 1888, of cancer of the stomach, Orlando Gallup, aged 64 years. Mr. Gallup was a son of Nathaniel C. Gallup one of the earliest settlers of Norwich township. The deceased was born July 9, 1824, and raised on the farm adjoining the one he has lived on for many years past. On the 18th day of July, 1852, he married Floretta Comes, who survives him. The result of that union was four sons, all grown men, and all live in Norwich township excepting Henry who lives in this place. Mr. Gallup was one of the most highly respected citizens of the county and was elected and served as county commissioner during the years 1876-77-78. For many years he has been a constant member of the M. E. church. The funeral was held at the Colegrove church at 10 o'clock yesterday, Rev. J. G. Hann officiating.

Lew Bush of this place was married on December 24, 1888, to Miss Mary Sherwood of Eldred, formerly of this place. The matrimonial knot was tied in Olean. Lew does not consider marriage a failure, generally speaking.

Mr. George Palmer Abbey, aged 68 years, died at his residence, in this place on December 27, 1888, of consumption. The deceased was born in Norwich, Chenango county, N. Y., and moved to this county with his father, Timothy Abbey, at the age of two years. Mr. Abbey was one of the pioneer settlers of Keating township, where he has always resided, having moved into this borough in the year 1884. On the 12th day of November, 1846, the deceased married Malissa P. Burbank, who survives him, the result of the union being three sons and three daughters, five of whom are now living, namely: Augustus Abbey and Matilda Winsor, of Port Allegany, and John D. and Alonzo Abbey, and Ida Boyer, of this township. Of his brothers living there are Jno. J. and Harry T. Abbey, who reside near Port Allegany and N. W. Abbey of this place, while of his sisters, Mrs. A. D. Burbank of this place, and Mrs. J. Sticklas, of Wisconsin survive him. The deceased has been a member of the Baptist church in this town for about thirty years, and lived an honorable, upright and righteous life. After the funeral service, which occurred at the house, on Saturday last, at 10 o'clock a.m., the remains were taken to Norwich for interment.

The Rough Path of Love.

Monday's Bradford Star says: It was reported to the police last night that a young woman had committed suicide in the old Kennedy street burying ground. For some time she has "kept company" with a young man with whom for a while, she was very happy. A few months ago, however, his love grew cold and it made her desperate. At that time she tried to commit suicide by jumping from the Davis street bridge into the creek, but a policeman came along in time to rescue her. That affair seemed to reawaken the love in the young man's heart and all was once more serene. Lately, however, he had again become indifferent and she decided to end the whole thing. She purchased a vial of laudanum last night and possessed herself of a 32-calibre revolver. She met her lover on Davis street and as she passed she said, "When next you see me I shall be dead." It didn't seem to worry him much, for it was some time before he told a friend about it and said she was probably lying dead then in the old cemetery, as she went in that direction. The friend was not quite so heartless, or was a little more interested for he reported the matter to the police. Immediately all of the officers on duty were put on the job and the locality of the old grave yard searched. Armed with lanterns the officers, like so many fireflies went hither and thither through the uncanny cemetery. Nothing was seen of the girl, however. Captain Foust took up the search alone on adjacent streets, and finally found the girl on lower Forman street. She was taken to the station house and locked up. "I cannot live without him," she said. "I can love no one else. Why, oh why should he treat me like this." No one could explain it, so she is probably yet asking herself the eternal and infernal question. She will accompany her mother to her home in Custer City today.

Dead Brought Back to Life.

So much has been said pro and con in regard to the possibilities of bringing the dead back to life through the aid of scientific treatment, that we publish the following dispatch from Paris under date of April 25: How it feels to die and return to life? This question has been answered by a French girl who actually died in a hospital and was electrified back to life. The facts were related by M. DeLarmandie, a distinguished author who declares that three doctors, whose names are famous, have achieved the impossible by resuscitating a dead person.

After the girl's death the three doctors worked at the body for three hours; they applied an electric current, kneaded the body in tepid water, burnt it with sulphuric acid, brought it to semblance of life and made it speak.

The girl's own account of the experience was as follows: "I fell asleep last night at the hospital in a very weak condition. I felt that I was dying. Gradually I seemed to waken slightly and I felt bitterly cold. All my life seemed to ebb into my heart, and my mind seemed to have got away into a far-off corner of my brain. Then my mind seemed to get away from my body. I saw my body lying, pale and inert, and although I had left it I knew that it was icy cold.

"Then I heard something like the sound of a distant organ. Suddenly something broke my mind away from my body. It was like an infinitesimal electric spark. I cannot describe it. Then my body became the battlefield of an army of monsters, who were fighting for it. I cannot explain what I mean at all."

Unfortunately, says M. DeLarmandie, a second death took place. The girl was so excited when she was brought back to life that the doctors gave her morphia to calm her. It was an overdose and was fatal.

For Local Option.

A local minister informed the Era yesterday that beginning next Monday there is to be a lively campaign in McKean county in behalf of local option. The Local Option league has engaged some very notable speakers to boost along its cause and the county will be thoroughly canvassed. It is expected that the Prohibitionists, Democrats, Local Option Republicans and independents will be appealed to strongly and that they will give Hilton and McAlpin for assembly and Kane for senator, very effective support. Next Monday the local optionists expect to have an important meeting in this city.

If all this comes to pass the Republicans will also devote some attention to McKean county in order to meet the opposition with a solid front and the local campaign, therefore promises to be interesting.—Bradford Era.

Physical Culture Class.

On Thursday, May 7th, I desire to organize a physical culture class at the Smethport Lyceum. I will be glad to call on all who wish to join this class and talk over the work with them.

Write or telephone me at Farmers Valley.

ARTUS STUIS.

Montrous' Invention.

By GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH.

Copyright, 1907, by George Ethelbert Walsh.

MONTROUS was more seedy in appearance than usual as he listlessly dropped into the chair. The day was hot, and the stuffy little restaurant made his head ache.

When he looked up to give his order the new waitress smiled and in reply to his question said:

"Patsy's gone, and I've taken her place. I hope I'll suit you."

Montrous thought the name better than Patsy, and the face and figure fitted it admirably. Tess—Tess Barrington! It sounded good, and the eyes were wondrously liquid and brown.

The dinner hour was an oasis in the desert of work and worry. Montrous began to drop in earlier to avoid the noonday rush. Once when the table presided over by Tess was crowded he unwillingly took his place at another. As the days and weeks passed the new waitress looked fagged, in common with the rest.

"When do you take your vacation?" he asked one day.

"I don't think I'll take any," she said, with a sad smile. "It costs too much."

Montrous understood. A vacation without wages would be a joyless affair.

"I suppose you take yours soon?" she murmured.

"No; not this year," he blurted out. "I can't—not until my patent comes out."

This was the first time he had spoken to a stranger about his patent, and he wondered at his words. But he continued:

"You see I'm poor and must make this patent go. It's a great one, but they don't see it that way, or want to buy it outright for a mere song. But I'll starve before they get it that way."

The subtle power which had induced him to reveal this much of his inner life to Tess could not be explained. He was no psychologist. He had no time to take an inventory of his emotions. A week passed without further reference to his work. Then one day she asked half apologetically:

"Can I see the patent?"

"Sure! But it may not interest you. It's all about—about making tin cans."

He laughed at the crude description and then added:

"It's a machine that will save thousands—millions—to manufacturers of tin cans. I'll bring it around if you'll let me."

Montrous made the patent an excuse for calling often.

"One concern offered me five hundred for it," he explained scornfully. "Think of it! Five hundred for two years' work!"

In the middle of the summer he beamed into the restaurant on a very hot day and whispered softly:

"What do you think, Tess? I've got a raise. The great Consolidated Tin Can company offered me $1,500 today for the patent!"

She was tired with the day's unremitting work, and the lines on her face were drawn, but she brightened

"I HOPE I'LL SUIT YOU."

up at the sight of his happiness and said:

"You'll take it?"

He looked hurt, the smile fading from his features.

"Tess!"

There were surprise and indignation in the single word. Tess flushed and stammered quickly:

"Oh, I didn't mean that. I was so tired that the thought of $1,500 seemed like—like"—

For the first time he noted her drawn face. His own immediately changed to sympathetic appreciation of her viewpoint.

"It does seem like a good deal," he said slowly. "It would give—give you now, for instance, a nice long vacation, and you need it."

"I wasn't thinking of that," she stammered hurriedly.

For a week Montrous was moody and depressed. He took no apparent interest in his dinner. Tess gently railed him and even changed his orders to suit her idea of what he needed. His face grew pale and drawn. Finally Tess said sharply to him one day:

"You need a rest—a change."

"Do I? And you, what about you? You're all played out, Tess, and you must take a vacation."

"Oh, I can stand it until"—

"Until you collapse!" he blurted out angrily.

Montrous did not appear at the restaurant for three days. Then on the fourth he entered, with a new, quiet determined expression on his face.

"Tess, I want to see you tonight," he said briefly. "It—it's about the patent and—and—our—your vacation."

When he entered her bare, plain hall room that evening, the old depression had worn off. Her eyes were aglow with a new passion. Without circumlocution he plunged to the heart of his subject.

"Tess, I've sold the patent for a lump sum!"

She glanced up hurriedly, with a frightened expression on her face. The color deserted her lips. Mistaking it for a false alarm, he went on, with a smile on his lips:

"I sold it to the Consolidated Tin Can company for $2,000. I made them raise their bid $500. Isn't that glorious?"

A cry escaped her lips, and her eyes filled with anguish. Montrous stared at this exhibition of emotion, unable to explain it.

"And the royalties?" she gasped.

"There will be no royalties."

"But you said there would be a fortune in royalties and that you would never sell it outright."

The light in his eyes made her shiver.

"But, Tess, little girl, don't you see, I might have to wait years for that, and we needed the rest, the change—you and I. And $2,000 is a good sum. It will give us a vacation"—

She placed her hands to her face and was sobbing softly. Montrous approached and tried to speak steadily, but his voice wavered.

"Tess, dear, don't you see that I love you and that we can—can go away for a time? When we are married we"—

She stepped back, still holding her hands before her eyes. The movement brought Montrous to a sudden stiff attitude. The blood left his face. His voice was very faint.

"Tess, you do not love me? You cannot care for me—in this way?"

She made no reply, but continued her sobbing.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," she murmured brokenly. "You must let me think—leave me alone!"

Tess did not appear at the restaurant the next day nor the next. On the third Montrous could stand it no longer. He interviewed the proprietor and learned, to his chagrin, that the new waitress had left.

Tess was out when he called at her boarding house, but he was relieved to find that she had not changed her lodgings and thus escaped him entirely. He was full of good news and luxuriously waited her return. She came in late, less fagged than when he met her last, but still with circles under her eyes.

"Tess, I've good tidings," he said impulsively, taking her hand. "Some fairy godmother of mine has interceded for me. The great Tin Can heart has softened. I can hardly believe the news to be true. But I have it in black and white, and I'm forced to accept it."

She flushed prettily, and the return of the old happiness in her eyes transformed her features.

"You don't ask me what it is I have to tell you?" he added in disappointment. "Have you lost all interest in the patent? If so, then my good fortune will not interest you."

"No, no! Tell me!"

"I've made a new contract with the Consolidated Tin Can company," he announced abruptly. "Instead of paying me $2,000 for the patent they will use it in all their factories and pay me royalties. And the most wonderful thing about it is that the proposition came from them. Can you believe it?"

"No!" she answered faintly.

"Do you know what that means to me?" he added. "Why, it will make me rich—rich enough to go on with my work and to take a vacation when I wish. It's a sure income of many thousands, and"—

Then he stopped. The remembrance of their last interview flashed over him. The joy of the present suddenly lost its power. He was conscious of a loss which success could not require. The sadness in the corners of his eyes gave him an old, wrinkled appearance. He glanced once at her, and then his resolution made him turn away. His hands strayed idly among the papers and magazines on the table. She had brought a bundle of them in with her, and they lay close to his finger tips. While his eyes roamed from one printed word to another the slow abstraction changed to sudden new interest. He picked a paper from the table and studied it closely. The paper was neatly typed, and the words had a familiar look. Increasing surprise and wonder grew in his face, transfixing him so that he was scarcely conscious of her presence.

With uncomprehending eyes she watched the slow change dawning in his face. The awkward silence attracted her attention, and her eyes fell upon the paper in his hands. There was a cry of dismay from her, and with sudden alarm she glided toward him and snatched the fatal document. With cheeks flushed and eyes lustrous with fear she glanced up, hoping fearfully that her secret was still safe. But in that instant she read the meaning of his dull, baffled gaze.

"Tess," he said slowly, "what does this mean?"

He brushed his brow with a trembling hand.

"How did you get this?" he continued thickly. "It's a copy of my agreement with the company. How—where"—

She did not meet his eyes, but wavered uncertainly, holding the paper in her hands. The light of comprehension was slowly dawning on him. Still he was puzzled.

"Tess, you did this! You—you"—

Then the absurdity of it made him hesitate. What influence could a poor, friendless waitress have with one of the wealthiest corporations of the country? Clearly it was a mere coincidence! But it puzzled him, and he looked to her for an explanation.

She stood near him with half averted face. From the clear cut profile, with its delicate outline and suggestive curves of cheek and chin, his eyes wandered back to the table from which he had picked the document. There were other papers loosened from the rubber band—a memorandum, a loose sheet of some printed matter, an unopened letter and a card. The letter and card attracted his gaze. He dwelt upon them for an instant and then started as though touched by a live wire.

"Tess," he murmured abstractedly, picking up the card and letter, "can

"HOW DID YOU GET THIS?

you explain how you got that paper and this—this"—

His voice trailed off, and he added, reading the card:

"Miss Morley."

He turned it over and gazed at the back, then looked at the handwriting on the unopened letter.

"Miss Morley," he read again.

Tess could stand it no longer. She held out a hand for her property. He watched her, a cynical smile slowly framing itself on his lips.

"You're not Tess—Tess Barrington," he went on, returning the card and letter. "It's a little game of deceit you've been playing, Miss Morley! And old John Morley is the president of the Consolidated Tin Can company! It is quite a coincidence!"

His laugh was mirthless and harsh, something like a sneer curling his lips. She winced under it, but a moment later she turned impulsively toward him and explained:

"I did not intend to deceive you. I—I was there in the restaurant for—for the experience. I wanted to see for myself how others lived. I did not want to give to charity indiscriminately, and"—

He interrupted sharply:

"Charity! Oh, yes, it was charity to"—

She stopped him with an imperious look. The shame mounted to his forehead.

"No, I didn't mean that," he apologized. "But I must have the contract canceled. I could not accept the royalties on the patent in that way."

She watched him with a dumb look of pain on her face. When she held out her hands, he did not see them. His eyes were bright with a new determination.

"You do not wish to offend me," she began slowly, "I—after all, our friendship and what has happened, should a small thing like this stand between us?"

"It is what has happened between us that makes this impossible, Tess," he replied, smiling as he emphasized the old name which had grown so dear to him. "I knew Tess Barrington. I do not know Miss Morley."

If before there had lurked any hope in his heart, it was now forever suppressed. Tess—the girl he had loved—was no more, and in her place was—He shuddered and turned from her.

"I must go," he murmured gently.

There were pain and irresolution in her face. Then suddenly she took the copy of the contract and tore it in two, casting the two pieces in the open fireplace.

"If this makes the difference," she said firmly, "I shall have the original destroyed like this. It is not worth the loss of such—such friendship as ours. Now I'm Tess again—simply Tess Barrington, the obscure waitress at D.'s. I'm tired, horribly tired, and need a vacation. See the circles under my eyes! Do they not appeal to you? Think what a vacation we could take on $2,000! Wouldn't it be glorious?"

The saucy eyes and smiling face were close to his. He held his breath and clinched his teeth, then slowly shook his head. He replied with evident effort:

"No, no. That does not alter it. The illusion is broken. Tess, poor Tess, is no more!"

She uttered a little cry of dismay, the color fading from her face. Impulsively she stretched forth both hands again. He took them and held them passionately.

"I loved Tess—loved her dearly," he exclaimed between clinched teeth. "She was more to me than my patent, more than all else in life."

"Then I shall always be Tess to you—simply Tess."

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Mr. Wm. H. Anderson, M. D., of Soda Springs, Ida., says that Bees Laxative Cough Syrup has relieved coughs and colds where all other remedies failed. Its gentle laxative effects especially recommend it for children. It is pleasant to take. For coughs, colds, hoarseness, whooping cough. Money refunded if not satisfied. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

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MARTIAN LIFE.

Conditions Make For Creatures of an Advanced Order of Intellect.

Whatever its actual age, any life now existent on Mars must be in the land stage of its development—on the whole, a much higher one than the marine. But, more than this, it should probably have gone much further if it exists at all, for in its evolving of terra firma Mars has far outstripped the earth. Mars' surface is now all land. Its forms of life must be not only terrestrial as against aquatic, but even as opposed to terraqueous ones. It must have reached not simply the stage of land dwelling where the possibilities are greater for those able to embrace them, but that further point of pinching poverty where brain is needed to survive at all.

The struggle for existence in the planet's decrepitude and decay would tend to evolve intelligence to cope with circumstances growing momentarily more and more adverse. But, furthermore, the solidarity that the conditions prescribed would conduce to a breadth of understanding sufficient to utilize it. Intercommunication over the whole globe is made not only possible, but obligatory. This would lead to the easier appending over it of some dominant creature—especially were this being of an advanced order of intellect—able to rise above its bodily limitations to amelioration of the conditions through exercise of mind. What absence of seas would thus entail absence of mountains would further. These two obstacles to distribution removed, life there would tend the quicker to reach a highly organized stage. Thus Martian conditions themselves make for intelligence.—Percival Lowell in Century.

RAYS AND SKATES.

They Are Known to Fishermen as the Jokes of the Sea.

The rays and skates are the jokes of the sea. Their bodies are as flat as the pancakes made by the man in white on a griddle in the window of a "beef and" restaurant. Their eyes look upward, and they have tails as slender and tapering as the whip of a ringmaster of a circus.

In the United States the most common rays are called "skates." The whip tailed rays because of their long, slender tails with their overtile spines at the end, capable of inflicting severe and dangerous wounds, are frequently called sting rays. The common sting ray feeds on oysters, clams and other valuable mollusks and in the Atlantic waters is known as the "clam cracker."

Of the skates the commonest as well as the smallest species on the Atlantic coast is known as the tobacco box; the largest is aptly called the barn door. On the western coast of the United States is found the big skate, which reaches a length of six feet, two feet larger than its eastern relative.

Because of its habit of rolling itself up when caught the common skate has been called "bonnet skate." It is also known as the "hedgehog ray."

On the New Jersey coast the trawl fishermen cut off the broad, fleshy "wings" and they are sold for "sadales," sometimes bringing 7 and even 10 cents a pound. These men call the fish "possum" "sea possum" and "bobtailed skate." As a rule, anglers throw the fish back into the water as being of no value.

Not at All Like Him.

To the studio of an artist who had just finished a portrait of a distinguished resident of a neighboring city a friend of the sitter came to look at the newly painted canvas. The visitor was nearsighted and not particularly well acquainted with studios. He wanted to see how good a likeness had been made of his friend. He kept walking nearer and nearer to the painting and finally put out his finger as if to touch it. The artist was getting nervous at the approach of the finger to the paint, and he asked the visitor not to touch the portrait, as it was not dry. The nearsighted man put down his hand and walked to the door, turning only to say, "If it isn't dry it isn't my friend." And he walked out.—New York Sun.

The Land of Fire and Ice.

An example of the strangeness of Iceland is furnished by the volcano Mathi. This is buried under immense snow fields, but from time to time its fires burst through the glittering blanket, and then such floods are poured from the melting ice that a great stretch of country between the volcano and the sea is inundated and huge masses of ice are carried out into the ocean. It is unsafe even to cross the territory lying between Mathi and the sea, so suddenly come the floods.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Their Crimes.

Two boys of strict Free church parentage and upbringing in a Scottish town were comparing iniquities. One boasted that he had furtively been at a circus show. "Ah, but I have done worse than that," said the other, "for I've been once in the pit at the theater and twice in the Established kirk."—Blackwood's Magazine.

A Pert Answer.

Mistress (astounded)—You can't read, Norah? Good gracious! How did you ever learn to cook so well? New Cook—Shure, mum, Oi lay it t' not bein' able to rade th' cookbooks.—Town and Country.

His Weight.

"What do you think young Chumpley weighs?"

"About 200 pounds on the scales and about ten ounces in the community."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup—the cough syrup that tastes nearly as good as maple sugar and which children like so well to take. Unlike nearly all cough remidies, it does not constipate, but on the other hand it acts promptly yet gently on the bowels, through which the cold is forced out of the system, and at the same time it allays inflammation. Always use Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

MAMMOTH CAVE.

It Furnished the Saltpeter For the War of 1812.

There is an interesting bit of history connected with the cave. Few Americans are aware that it helped to save the country in the war of 1812 by furnishing saltpeter for the manufacture of gunpowder, but such is the case. The powder used by Old Hickory in whipping the British so handsomely at New Orleans in 1815 is said to have been made with saltpeter from Mammoth cave. As early as 1800 a Mr. Fowler obtained, it is said, 100,000 pounds of niter from the twenty-eight limestone caverns that had then been discovered in Kentucky.

In 1806 Dr. Samuel Brown of Lexington rode a thousand miles on horseback to Philadelphia to lay before the American Philosophical society, in session there, the facts about the presence of niter in these caverns, saying that the deposits would be especially valuable in case of war with any foreign power. Brown did not mention Mammoth cave by name at that time, and the probability is, as local tradition asserts, that it was first discovered by whites in 1809 when a hunter named Houghlin or Hutchins entered it in pursuit of a wounded bear. Bayard Taylor says it was first discovered in 1802, but does not give his authority. The only value set on it at first was for the nitrous earth it contained.

For this a Mr. McLean paid $40 for the cave and 200 acres of land around its mouth. McLean sold it to a Mr. Gatewood, he to Messrs. Gratz and Wilkins, who derived a fortune from the saltpeter made there during the war of 1812. The embargo cut us off from any other supply, and the output of saltpeter from this cave enabled our manufacturers to make sufficient powder to carry on the war.—New York Post.

ANCIENT CLOCKS.

Curiosities in the Museum of the Town of Schramberg.

In the town of Schramberg, in the Black Forest district of Wurttemberg, Germany, where one of the chief industries is clockmaking, there is an interesting museum of timepieces. The collection displays the gradual development in the making of clocks for many centuries.

Among the curiosities are many of great historical value. There is an alarm clock constructed in the year 1650 for the use of travelers. In form it resembles a lantern, and the inventor is designed to hold a lighted candle. The candle is slowly pushed forward by a spring which also controls the mechanism of the clock. A little pair of shears clip the wick of the candle automatically every minute to regulate its light. The lantern is inclosed with movable slides, so that the sleeper is not at first disturbed by the presence of light.

The alarm is set by inserting a peg in the second dial plate. When the required hour arrives the alarm is sounded, and at the same time the movable slides fall, flooding the room with light.

Among the curiosities is a Japanese new clock. The clock itself produces the motive power by descending a saw formed strip of metal, the teeth of which operate the wheel of the clockwork. In another Japanese clock the hand is attached to a weight, which sinks once in twenty-four hours. The time is indicated by a hand on the perpendicular scale.

Related.

Persons prosaically concerned with the present perhaps lack sympathy with those genealogists whose souls are obsessed with a worship of ancestry. A number of these unregenerates found amusement in the remarks of two clubwomen with a long line of forefathers. The two women were cousins. They were discussing a new acquaintance.

"By the way," said one, "what did Mr. Blank mean by saying he is related to us? How is he related to us? Is it a near relationship?"

"Oh, yes," answered the other in deadly seriousness; "we are both descended from the Plantagenets."

Several heathen near by actually snickered, but the daughters of the Plantagenets couldn't see anything to laugh at.—New York Times.

Why Toast Is Popular.

—The increasing popularity of toast, says the London Lancet, is a somewhat interesting fact in that it possibly indicates that, after all, the public resents the insipidity of modern bread. Roller milling as now practiced, which is altogether different from the old method of grinding wheat between stones, leads to the elimination of the germ of the wheat. The peculiar nutty flavor of the old fashioned loaf was due perhaps to the retention of this germ.

Missionary Work.

"So you once lived in Africa, Sam?"

"Yas, sah."

"Ever do any missionary work out there, Sam?"

"Oh, yas, sah; I was cook for a cannibal chief, sah!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Against the Laws.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "is it against the laws to win money on horse races?"

"Yes; against the laws of chance."—Washington Star.

Truthful.

"I thought you said when I hired you that you didn't drink."

"I didn't at that time. I couldn't afford to drink until I got a job."—Brooklyn Life.

It is easy to improve what has already been invented.—Latin Proverb.

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Fresh, Salt or Smoked
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whether it be a fish quarter or a small steak. And for
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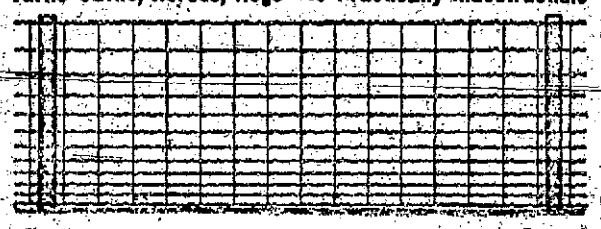

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The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, April 30, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Read the new advertisement of the Lindholm Co.

—Miss Leone Hogarth is confined to the house with measles.

—J. Colegrove has a new and interesting advertisement in to-day's issue.

—Attend the chicken supper at the hose house Sat. May 2nd at 5:30 o'clock.

—The home of the late Hon. B. D. Hamlin on Main street is being re-painted.

—Don't forget your six-inch rule when you go fishing, or you may be sorry.

—Everybody come to the hose house Saturday at 5:30 o'clock and get a good meal.

—George Brennan, the cash grocer, has a new advertisement to-day which all should read.

—The "Country Cousins" met yesterday at the home of Miss Cynthia Chapin in East Smethport.

—Hon. James A. McKean is improving the outside appearance of his Main street residence with a coat of paint.

—"To-day is Good Friday," says the Eldred Eagle of April 24. Come out of it neighbor and take a look at your calendar for 1908.

—Rev. Francis Coen, a theological instructor at St. Bonaventure's college, died on Thursday and was buried Monday. The deceased was aged 72 years, and was a native of County Galway, Ireland.

—On Tuesday May 12th the members of the Epworth League will give an entertainment consisting of two farce comidies at the chapel of the M. E. church. Admission, adults 25c, children 15c.

—The ladies of the L. O. T. M. gave a birthday party at their lodge rooms Friday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Jerry McCarty and Mrs. John Voorhees. Each lady was presented with a hand painted cup and saucer.

—At a hearing before Judge Bonton on Monday, Spring Christmas, one of the alleged Black Hand men of Bradford, was denied a new trial and sentenced to serve four years in the Western penitentiary at Alleghony, where one of his pals, John Mnski, is serving a term of six years.

—Bradford sportsmen have purchased 2000 six inch trout from the Helmer hatchery at Port Allegany and placed them in adjacent private streams, to catch them out later.

—John T. Allen, prominent in the United Mine Workers and a member of the banking committee of P. & S. shaft No. 1, committed suicide at his home in Dullois on Sunday by taking poison. He is a brother of Sheriff Allen of Clearfield county and is survived by a widow and five children.

—Miss Myra Dock, who is a member of Pennsylvania's State Board of Forestry, will deliver a lecture on this popular subject in St. Luke's parish house Friday evening, May 8th, at eight o'clock. The lecture will be under the auspices of the Travelers' Club. A cordial invitation is extended.

—The mystery surrounding the disappearance four weeks ago of the J. H. Jennings, a wealthy resident of this town has been cleared up through the finding of his body in the Allegany river a short distance from here. Foul play was suspected at the time of Jennings' disappearance, but the finding of a gold watch and a big roll of money on the body indicates that he was not a victim of violence, says a dispatch from Warrren dated April 27.

—Down in Venango county a fish warden disguises himself after the Sherlock Holmes fashion and gets evidence against trout fishermen, who have in their possession undersized specimens of the speckled piscatorial inhabitants of the mountain brooks. Warden Conklin of McKean, does not use any "make-up," but in landing the unwary he gets there just the same. Warden Conklin has such a pleasant smile that he doesn't require any false whiskers or theatrical devices to make him seem harmless.—Bradford Era.

—Under the date of April 20, 1908, Capt. D. Ashworth, the U. S. Pension Agent in Pittsburg, Pa., received instructions from the Bureau of Pensions relative to the Act of April 19, 1908, granting an increase of pension to $12.00 per month to all widows, minors and helpless children now on the rolls at a less rate. No application is required from the pensioners now on the rolls to obtain the increased rate, but the same will be paid by Capt Ashworth July 4, 1908, upon receipt of voucher properly executed which is now in possession of the pensioner. The present pension certificate should be retained until its return shall have been requested by the Pension Agent from whom the pension is received.

COMMON SENSE

Leads most intelligent people to use only medicines of known composition. Therefore it is that Dr. Pierce's medicines, the makers of which print every ingredient entering into them upon the bottle wrappers and attest its correctness under oath, are daily growing in favor. The composition of Dr. Pierce's medicines is open to everybody. Dr. Pierce being desirous of having the search light of investigation turned fully upon his formulas, being confident that the more the composition of his medicines is known the more will their great curative merits be appreciated. Being wholly made of the active medicinal principles extracted from native forest roots, by exact processes original with Dr. Pierce, and without the use of a drop of alcohol, triple-refined and chemically pure glycerine being used instead in extracting and preserving the curative virtues residing in the roots employed, these medicines are entirely free from the objection of doing harm by creating an appetite for either alcoholic beverages or habit-forming drugs. Examine the formula on their bottle wrappers—the same as sworn to by Dr. Pierce, and you will find that his "Golden Medical Discovery," the great blood-purifier, stomach tonic and bowel regulator—the medicine which, while not recommended to cure consumption in its advanced stages (no medicine will do that) yet does cure all those catarrhal conditions of head and throat, weak stomach, torpid liver and bronchial troubles, weak lungs and hang-on-coughs, which, if neglected or badly treated lead up to and finally terminate in consumption.

Take the "Golden Medical Discovery" *in time* and it is not likely to disappoint you if only you give it a *thorough* and *fair* trial. Don't expect miracles. It won't do supernatural things. You must exercise your patience and persevere in its use for a reasonable length of time to get its full benefits. The ingredients of which Dr. Pierce's medicines are composed have the unqualified endorsement of scores of medical leaders—better than any amount of lay, or non-professional, testimonials. They are not given away to be experimented with but are sold by all dealers in medicines at *reasonable prices*.

Grange News.

The Miner will be pleased at any time to receive and publish items of real interest from any Grange in the county. All we ask is that correspondents be brief and confine themselves to news items of general interest.

FARMERS VALLEY.

(Written by Mrs. M. A. Caldwell.)

Farmers Valley, Saturday, April 25:—Meeting called to order with W. M., W. P.—Beckwith in the chair at 8 p. m. Minutes read and approved. Important business transacted. Recess. Literary program carried out, a part of which is as follows: Discussion on Which is the most Beneficial to the Farmer, the Rural Mail Delivery or the Rural Telephone? The latter being conceeded. Recitation, by Frank Hackett, The Story of the Postage Stamp. Music by Lutha Stull. How I Make my Garden, by all. Bro. Al Gary gave us some of his experiences in raising onions, which we all know to be good, as he proves himself to be a very successful gardener. Talk on raising flowers by Sister Hourlotta Stull and others. Singing grange melodies by the grange. Last but not least was the practice of the drill march, led by Brother George Tyler and Sister Lutha Stull, which is a great improvement from the old way. Let all be present at our next meeting as the drill will be more completely carried out.

General News.

Last week a Mr. Havens living on the Tibble place the past winter came to Mr. Stull's store for supplies, asking for credit, and was favored with a liberal supply of goods, which was to be paid for when he had worked for the latter, who is overseeing work for Mr. Doyle. He, however, packed his goods and left for York State about midnight Saturday or early Sunday morning.

Charley Decker had the misfortune to lose a large brood of chickens recently, his brooder taking fire. There were over fifty chickens killed.

B. F. Cory and daughter, Mrs. Libbie Waldo, and grandson, Franklin Waldo, were the guests of the former's sister, Mrs. Mary Caldwell, Sunday. Little Franklin is certainly worthy of mention as he is a remarkably bright child, and the second grandson of Mr. Cory.

Harvey Grover moved his goods to this place from Turtle Point Monday. He, mother and sister came on the evening train. They will locate here for the summer in the employ of Bert Smith, and will occupy the D. W. Derby house on the corner.

Mrs. George Otto, who has been with her husband during the spring months at Bazelhurst for treatment with Dr. Briggs, has greatly improved, but Mr. Otto is confined to his bed with grip and heart trouble and is under the care of Dr. Hamilton of Smethport.

She Was a Joke.

"I have just had a puzzling experience," said a middle aged matron, "that it may do well for others to know. A week ago, while in the parlor of a department store, a refined looking woman came to me in agitation, announced that she had lost her purse and asked me to accommodate her with a little change, which she would return the next day. She carried several parcels. I gave her, I think, 54 cents—all the change I had—and we exchanged cards.

"Yesterday while downtown I was attracted to a crowd on the corner, in the center of which was a woman announcing excitedly that she had been robbed and asking for some small sum to get home. The confidence impressed me, as I had not heard from my borrower. I handed this woman a dollar. She boarded a northbound Sixth avenue car. I followed. In the neighborhood of Bryant square she got off. So did I. She entered an ice cream parlor. A moment later I entered.

"The woman was there. So was the other woman of a week ago, and they were together and laughing over what appeared to be a good joke. Apparently I was the joke."—New York Globe.

Mammoth Cave.

For many years after the discovery of Mammoth cave the entire work of exploration was practically in the hands of negro slaves, the property of the man who owned the cave. Sometimes they would come to an obstacle that barred the passage, such as a great limestone rock or a yawning crevasse across the way. Such obstacles would often stop exploration in that direction for years, though beyond the obstruction there were likely to be scores of beautiful chambers and many miles of passageways. Thus it happened that for years nothing was known of that large part of the cave lying beyond the abyss named the Bottomless pit. This obstruction was known for over twenty years before it was crossed. Then one day in 1837 the negro cave explorer Stephen and some of his fellows dragged to the place the trunk of a small tree, and on this rather dangerous bridge Stephen crawled across the abyss. Then began the explorations that revealed one of the most wonderful and extensive parts of Mammoth cave. The abyss was found later to be 180 feet deep.

The Only "Merrymaking."

The school record kept by an old time teacher of "No. 6" in a New England village contains at least one item which moved a chance reader to smiles. It is this:

"Special honor badges were given to Flora and Minetta Lovett for the best attendance. During the entire school year they were not once absent to attend any picnic, reunion, excursion or merrymaking, the only exception being the afternoon of May 10, when their twin brothers were ill from the effect of something they had eaten and not expected to live, although they soon recovered."

60 days' trial $1.00 is the offer on Pineules. Relieves back-ache, weak back, lame back, rheumatic pains. Best on sale for kidneys, bladder and blood. Good for young and old. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

A Little Too Far.

"There is such a thing as overdoing your part," declared a man of the law who now has the knowledge gained by much experience.

"Shortly after I began practice in the west I was called upon to defend a man who had drawn a revolver on another and threatened to kill him. The accused did not have a character above reproach, but the prosecuting witness was also shady in reputation, and I made the most of this fact. I pictured him as a desperado of the most dangerous type, a man that was a constant menace to the community and one who would recognize no other law than that of force. Such men as he, I insisted, made necessary the organization of vigilance committees and injured the fair name of the west among the older communities of the country.

"The jury returned a verdict of guilty and my man was sentenced to a year's imprisonment. As soon as court adjourned the foreman of the jury came to me and said: 'Young feller, you spread it on too thick. After that there rip snortin' speech of yourn we couldn't do nothin' else 'an what we done.'

"'I don't understand you, sir.'

"'You don't? Why, we found the durned gorloot guilty 'cause he didn't shoot.'"—Detroit Free Press.

Ballet Shoes.

Ballet shoes fit like a stocking. They are of leather, with a thin leather sole about an inch wide and with the uppers sewed so that they come under the foot. The ballet dancer wants no rubber heels, instep arch supports nor any other of the foot supporting or reforming devices which are commonly used by ordinary mortals. The toe dancer desires a hard box toe on her ballet shoes, but the ordinary dancer seeks only shoes that will give perfect freedom of movement of the joints and muscles of the feet. It is a rule of good dancers, a shoe man of experience says, to wear shoes that will allow for space between the toes. It is a point of good fit that all persons should heed, he says. High heels are put on to stage shoes for effect, not to promote good dancing. Many stage shoes are made with short fore parts and high heels to make the feet look smaller and the person taller.—Boston Globe.

What Did He Mean?

Mike Maloney's wife was an invalid, and the doctor had been doing all sorts of things for her, changing the medicine so often that poor Mike's income would scarcely reach and make both ends meet, and at last the doctor said that his wife must go to a warmer climate.

Mike listened to that advice for several months, and finally when October rang the doctor told Mike one Saturday evening after all of this week's wages had been spent that his wife positively must be sent "to a warmer climate without delay."

Mike left the room for a few minutes, and when he returned he was wiping his eyes with his left hand, while with his right hand he brought an ax, which he gave to the physician, saying:

"I hate to do it, doc. You please do it for me."—Kansas City Independent.

Practical Help For Deafness.

I have proved that this is really practical.

Get a common pasteboard mailing tube such as pictures or music is mailed in and hold it to the ear closely. The result is wonderful. A very deaf person can hear distinctly everything that is said by any one sitting on the other side of the room. At first thought one is inclined to ridicule so simple a method. I bought a good long one, large enough to fit over the ear, for 10 cents. One can get them at any business stationer's. I tried it on grandmother, who is very deaf. She could hear well and, what was more remarkable, could also hear with her very deaf ear, with which she has not heard a sound for seven years. Try it. That's all I have to say.—Harper's Bazar.

American Woman In German Eyes.

American girls, whether born or merely brought up in America, evidence the same independence of judgment and the same complete self reliance. It is hard to say whether this is the result of the education in the public schools and colleges or in their freedom from that condition of legal and social subserviency to which the gentler sex is doomed in older countries.—Max von Brandt in Berlin Deutsche Revue.

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THE NEWEST AND MOST UP-TO-DATE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Am now located in my new building on East Main where I will be pleased to serve you in anything in the photography line. My work is of the best and I guarantee satisfaction. Also keep on hand an extensive line of picture frames and moulding.

Curt Witherow

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

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E-263

RAILROAD WATCHES.

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. Smethport

White Diamond Flour

It makes Good Bread.

Try it and be Convinced.

J. Colegrove, Grocer,

Smethport, Pa.

The Equitable Life Society

Is the Strongest Financial Institution in the World.

The Pittsburg agency wrote $1,957,000 of new business in November, breaking all records, and $12,000,000 in 1907.

Because of Unquestioned Stability it is the most popular insurance company in the Pennsylvania field.

A policy now will be a safe investment and present for your family.

Send me me your name and address.

L. FOSDICK,

Frick Bldg. Pittsburg

C. A. BURDICK, Local Agent

Sundays and Holidays.

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE to work Sundays and Holidays? That is the tireless, ceaseless way that money at interest will work for you, and it will never go on a strike. Why should you do all the hard work? Set your money to working for you. Interest is its wages and its pay is sure.

Grange National Bank of McKean County.

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes.

Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent,

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's POTTED PLANTS FOR EASTER.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rate. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Death, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $5.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday April 30, 1908.

Republican Ticket.

FOR CONGRESS
CAPT. C. F. BARCLAY
of Sonnemahoning

FOR SENATOR
FRANK E. BALDWIN
of Austin

FOR ASSEMBLY
HON. ROBERT P. HABGOOD
of Bradford
HON. JAMES A. McKEAN
of Smethport

FOR SHERIFF
WILLIAM H. MORRISON
of Smethport

FOR PROTHONOTARY
BENJ. F. STARSKY
of Smethport

FOR RECORDER
HOMER M. CHOATE
of Smethport

FOR REGISTER OF WILLS
JOHN B. EASTMAN
of Smethport

FOR CLERK OF THE COURTS, ETC.
FRANK B. FOSTER
of Smethport

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY
GUY B. MAYO
of Smethport

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS
A. M. MARSH
of Bradford
JOHN A. PETERSON
of Bradford

FOR COUNTY AUDITORS
A. A. ABBEY
of Smethport
ALBERT R. ANDERSON
of Clermont

RAISULI, the notorious Moroccan bandit has been assassinated according to a dispatch from Tangier on Monday, but later advices show that Raisuli is still very much alive.

BOB FITZSIMMONS has decided to re-enter the ring for a six-round bout with A. J. Drexel-Biddle, society leader, club man, author and athlete. The bout will come off at Morion Cricket club some time next month.

MCKEAN county is getting its share of honors thus far in the campaign. First Hon. Lewis Emery, Jr., was chosen as a delegate to the National convention at Chicago and now Hon. Robert P. Habgood has been chosen as one of the delegates-at-large to the same convention. People throughout the State are beginning to recognize the ability of our popular young representative and naturally those in his home county feel proud of him.

A DISPATCH from Helena, Ark., dated April 27, gives the following: Clinging for two hours to the wreck of the steamer Miriam, with the waves washing over them, fearing that the boat would go down and they would all be drowned, 15 passengers, composed mostly of carnival employes, saw 12 of their number give up the fight for life and sink beneath the waves. To C. E. Schaefer too much can not be said, for it was he who battled through the long stretch of water between the wreck and the shore rescuing men, women and children. Left with nothing but the clothes on their backs, the passengers remained on the river bank for almost 24 hours before relief came.

THE two days' tornado which spread ruin over eight southern states practically destroying 46 towns, causing the death of 850 and injuring 1500 people, left at least ten thousand persons homeless. The storm commenced in Texas and swept portions of Oklahoma, Arkansas, Alabama, Mississippi and other states. The first one spread over Northern Louisiana, Mississippi and into Tennessee and caused very few fatalities. The second swept through Mississippi a few hours later and was unchecked through Alabama and Georgia. The third and last ran close to the gulf coast and destroyed the towns of Ainite and Purois, where the damage was heaviest. The full story of destruction has not, as yet, been told. There are other towns in the vicinity from which no news has been received and fears are expressed that they may have met the fate of destruction.

THERE are many persistent rumors still in the air that President Roosevelt may be induced to accept the nomination again and every day there seems to be more ground for such rumors. In Tuesday's dispatches from Washington the President is credited with saying that he is sorry, under present conditions, he made the statement on the night of his election that he would not be a candidate again. In Pittsburg on Monday, Congressman Nicholas Longworth, his son-in-law, gave out the impression that he might be induced to accept the nomination if the Chicago convention should stampede for him. In Washington his friends are pretty well divided on this question, and that seems to be the case throughout the country. The wisest thing the delegates to the Chicago convention could possibly do is to tender him the nomination and refuse to nominate anyone else unless he absolutely refuses to stand as the candidate for the Grand Old Party. The people want Roosevelt for President another term and their wishes should govern the actions of the President and the National delegates.

IN an open letter to Elisha K. Kane in answer to the proposed fusion of the Democrats and Prohibitionists, Samuel M. Seibert, Democratic candidate for State Senator of this district, takes rather a peculiar position if he wishes to receive the Prohibition vote, or in fact any votes except the rock-ribbed Bryanites. He says "I am not a Prohibitionist. I am a Democrat of the Bryan brand." He sort of hedges on the local option question by placing several conditions under which he would vote for a local option bill. He further states that he would, if elected, introduce a bill to dispose of the State Constabulary; he would put a one per cent. tax on the gross deposits of all banks, tax incomes and raise the tax on corporations to provide sufficient income to guarantee all the depositors in banks and trust companies, liberally pension Pennsylvania veterans of the Civil War, pay all school and highway taxes and "provide for an old age pension fund in order that no deserving son or daughter by birth or adoption of the grand old Keystone State shall be subjected to the pangs of hunger or want in the hour of their declining years." He says "these are some of the things I would try to accomplish by legislation. There are many others." Things will probably be lively around Capitol Hill when Mr. Seibert gets there in his official capacity, but it is not likely to occur next winter.

A Business Message.

The message sent Monday by the President to Congress is devoted to discussion and recommendation with respect to several business propositions. The legislative branch is urged to organize a committee of inquiry on the tariff question. Postal savings banks are commended and their creation favored. Limitation of the power of judges to issue injunction orders finds support. Amendment in the direction of efficiency of the anti-trust law and the interstate commerce law is the topic of the most earnest pleading.

What is to be done when business houses are found to be in harmony with each other in bidding on public work is a problem yet unsolved. The case of Boston is the text of much of the message but the conclusion to be drawn is naturally that there must be wider scope of advertisement in order to get larger range of bidding. To punish bidders for getting together in their bids and even for dividing profits without regard to which is low in the competition for contracts is an exceeding difficult matter.

Recent revelation of the shameful exactions of the politicians and party bosses in New York, for instance, exposes almost any kind of compact among bidders to stand together. Boston is not unusual in its experience. It has only been brought to the light clearly and lately that it has the same trouble to meet that other cities have in the transaction of their business. All such disclosures help to enlighten the people and reveal to them the need of vigilant oversight of their own agents as well as contractors on the outside. An age of wealth is always an age of graft but the volume of it may be lessened by publicity where even statutes fail to insure just dealing.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending April 25, 1908:

L. E. Briggs, Mrs. Wm. Galpin, Ira O. Himes, Jan Maduzir, Ralph Nichols, Alfred Rancier, Frank Rifle, Geo. B. Stanton.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

To have perfect health we must have perfect digestion, and it is very important not to permit of any delay the moment the stomach feels out of order. Take something at once that you know will promptly and unfailingly assist digestion. There is nothing better than Kodol for dyspepsia, indigestion, sour stomach, belching of gas and nervous headache. Kodol is a natural digestant, and will digest what you eat. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Desertion Notice.

My wife, Pearl Olive Taylor, having left my bed and board about March 20, 1908, without just cause or provocation, I hereby give notice that I will not be responsible to people harboring her on my account nor for any bills contracted by her in my name.

IRA L. TAYLOR.

Smethport, R. F. D., No. 3, April 14, 1908.

Here comes the spring winds to chap, tan and freckle. Use Pinesalve Carbolized, (Acts like a poultice) for cuts, sores, burns, chapped lips, hands and face. It soothes and heals. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and O. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

For Sale.

Just received two carloads of fertilizer and farm impliments. Three sets second-hand work harness, three second-hand heavy lumber wagons for sale cheap. E. W. Jones, Smethport, Pa.

I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Massage at residence. Alberta Sturdevant.

NOTICE

For Convention of School Directors to Elect County Superintendent.

To the School Directors of McKean county:

Gentlemen:—In pursuance of the forty-third section of the act of May 8, 1854, you are hereby notified to meet in convention, at the court house, in Smethport, Pa. at 1:30 p. m. on the first Tuesday in May, A. D. 1908, being the fifth day of the month, and select, viva voce, by a majority of the whole number of directors present, one person of literary and scientific acquirements, and of skill and experience in the art of teaching, as county superintendent, for the three succeeding years; and certify the result to the State Superintendent, at Harrisburg, as required by the thirty-ninth and fortieth sections of said act.

BURDETTE S. BAYLIS,
County Superintendent of McKean County.

April 14, 1908.

Kodol For Dyspepsia has helped thousands of people who have had stomach trouble. This is what one man says of it: "E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, Ill.—Gentlemen—In 1897 I had a disease of the stomach and bowels. I could not digest anything I ate and in the spring of 1902 I bought a bottle of Kodol and the benefit I received from that bottle all the gold in Georgia could not buy. I still use it occasionally as I find it a fine blood purifier and a good tonic. May you live long and prosper. Yours very truly C. N. Cornell, Rodling, Ga., Aug. 27, 1906."

For Sale.

Second-hand two-horse power Acme steam engine, connected for natural gas and in good running order. Reason for selling—we had to put in a larger engine. Engine can be seen at this office. For further particulars call on or address HARRY L. BACKUS.

Miner office, Smethport, Pa.

ManZan Pile Remedy, price 50c, is guaranteed. Put up ready to use. One application prompt relief to any form of piles. Soothes and heals.—Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and O. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Rings Little Liver Pills for biliousness and sick-headache. They clean the system and clear the skin. Price 25c. Try them. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and O. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Pasture.

I have pasture at the dug-road. Very reasonable for all kinds of stock. C. H. Gleason.

Chestnut Fence Posts for Sale.

Second-growth chestnut fence posts at 12 cents each. Apply to James Quirk.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little liver pills. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Fresh Baltimore oysters at the Model Restaurant.

AFTER-LENT
ROLLER RINK.

OPEN

Monday, Wednesday and Saturday,
Afternoon and Evening

Music Wednesday night, or Thursday if Orchestra is otherwise engaged.

E. L. McCLURE, Mgr.

H. C. BEMIS
Fine Interior Trim and Stair Work
Planing Mill & Retail Lumber
Estimates furnished from plans and specifications
Inquiries and inspection solicited.
Both Phones
Hilton St. Bradford, Penna.

DR. E. R. BAKER,
DENTIST
OFFICE HOURS:
8:30 a. m. to 12 m,
1:30 p. m. to 5:30 p. m.
OPEN EVENINGS
SMETHPORT, - PENNA.

McCoy's Drug Store
IF IT'S
Drugs, Druggist Sundries, Stationery, Books, Candy or Cigars you are looking for
We can supply you.
McCoy's Drug Store

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits,	$200,000.00
Resources about	$900,000.00

This Bank
Conducts a General Banking business.
Pays interest on time deposits.
Acts as trustee, transfer agent, administrator, executor or guardian of estates.
Issues drafts payable at all parts of the world.
Solicits your business; no account too small, no transaction too large.

OFFICERS.
HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Treasurer.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.
HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST,
JAMES A. McKEAN
C. D. COMES,
CHARLES McKEAN
H. H. REDFIELD.

Do Not Fail to Call and Inspect Our
EASTER
GOODS
All the most Exclusive Novelties of the Season.
MARY L. BISETT,
CITY STORE

BURDICK & SARTWELL
PLUMBERS
We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.
GIVE US A TRIAL.

$1 a week makes the path clear for putting a VICTOR into every home.
Why not see about getting yours today?
PALACE PHARMACY,
Burg Chadwick, M. D., Proprietor.

Go to Mrs. Spring's for your Millinery.
Everything of the Latest and up-to-date at the Lowest Prices.
Being connected with a leading New York store will receive goods every week.
Call and get convinced. Seeing is believing.
Next to Green's Grist Mill on Hill St.

ManZan Reaches the spot. Stops pain. The Great Pile Remedy. Put up in tubes with rectal nozzle, 50 cents.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Bulletin.

THE FORTY BEACHES OF NEW JERSEY.

The one hundred and twenty-five odd miles along the New Jersey coast line from Long Branch to Cape May presents the greatest pleasuring section in the United States.

Upon the bluffs of the northern end and the gently shelving sands of the southern end are located forty resorts which entertain during the spring and summer season millions of pleasure seekers.

At no time in the year is this section more delightful than during the spring and early summer months. One who has not seen them at this season would marvel at their delights. The great pine belt, which extends through the center of New Jersey, fills the air with life-giving ozone, which combined with the salty tang of the sea and the open air exercise possible at all times, is exhilarating and tonic to the highest degree.

Long Branch, with its beautiful cottage-neighbors, West End, Hollywood, and Elberon; Deal and Allenhurst, largely devoted to cottage life; Asbury Park and Ocean Grove, attracting thousands yearly; Avon, Belmar, Como, Spring Lake, and Sea Girt, are a galaxy of attractive places upon the bluffs where "the country meets the sea."

Then the Barnegat Bay section, where Point Pleasant, Sea Side Park, Island Heights, Barnegat City, and Beach Haven, with other smaller places nearby, welcome the summer sojourner.

Atlantic City, with its seven miles of beach and drives, and its charming suburbs, leads the island resorts, separated from the main land by the great salt marshes.

Ocean City, Sea Isle City, Avalon, and Stone Harbor; Anglesea, Wildwood, Holly Beach, and Wildwood Crest also have a large summer population.

And Cape May, with its new million dollar hotel and its wonderful improvements makes a fitting climax and holds a high place among the forty beaches.

The Pennsylvania Railroad is the direct route to all of these resorts from all sections of the country. Its splendid train service makes each of them neighbor to all the rest and to the world at large.

New Spring Hats
Swell Clothing
New Neckwear
Everything up-to-date for Men.
We Like Lookers.
H. W. RUBIN
The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

FRESH GREEN GOODS

ONIONS	LETTUCE
RADISHES	CUCUMBERS
CELERY	SPINACH
TOMATOES	STRAWBERRIES

Fresh Every Day at
ANDORFER & LYLE'S
Grocery

STATIONERY
One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.
PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT
is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family reciepes. Bring them here and get the best.
H. C. WELLS.

COMPLETE SATISFACTION.
Think of the satisfaction of knowing that when we sell "Swift's Premium Hams" that we have made a satisfied customer—one who will come back and ask for MORE. We do not claim "Premium Hams" to be cheaper than any other brands, but we do claim them to be the biggest value for your money. "Quality Counts."

Swift's Premium Hams	.....	15c per lb.
" Regular "	.....	13c " "
" Picnic "	.....	10c " "

A. E. FOSTER & CO

The Lindholm Co.

Wash Goods.

A special purchase of Crown Batiste allows us to offer you a 25c wash fabric, while they last at 12 1-2c.

On Sale Friday morning.

The Lindholm Company

DALY & GARLICK

Munsville Plows
Spring Tooth Harrows
Planet Jr. Hand Drills
Shovel Plows & Cultivators

JUST RECEIVED A CARLOAD OF
BARBED WIRE & ELECTRIC WELD FENCING

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, April 30, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Remember the hot chicken supper, Sat. 5:30 o'clock.

—Judge Joseph W. Bonton is holding court at Erie this week.

—Fry & Comes are advertising "Interwoven" hosiery for men in this issue.

—Mrs. Robert Hamilton entertained the Bridge Whist club Wednesday evening.

—George Durst is seriously ill at his home on Hilton avenue with appendicitis.

—The winter coverings have been removed from the fountains on the court house lawn.

—The McKean county W. C. T. U. are holding their convention at Port Allegany to-day.

—Class No. 7 of the M. E. Sunday school will hold a candy sale at J. Colegrove's store Saturday afternoon.

—Miss Lizzie Johnson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Johnson of Coudersport, died Friday afternoon, aged 19 years. The cause of death was tuberculosis.

—The baseball season opens in Bradford Saturday when the St. Bonaventure baseball team will play the Bradfords. The same teams will also play there Sunday.

—Miss Bradley entertained the junior choir of St. Luke's church Tuesday evening at the parish house. Light refreshments were served and all had a delightful time.

—Yesterday Attorney General Todd gave a decision to the Factory Inspector's department to the effect that all oil well boilers are exempt from the provisions of the boiler inspection act of 1905.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday, May 3rd, the services will be at 10 and 10:30 a. m, and at 7:30 p. m. Services at All Saints', East Smethport, at 2:30 p. m. The Rev. Joseph A. Gibson will officiate.

—Negotiations are pending between A. E. Foster & Co. and Oscar Engstrom for the sale of the grocery. The business is, as yet, in the hands of Mr. Foster and nothing definite will be known until next week.

—Allegheny county now has a highwaywoman, who with a male pal, holds up men and women alike. Last Saturday night this couple held up two men and a woman and got about $300 and some jewelry. The holdup pair escaped.

—Early Monday morning the post-office at Keating Summit was broken into by burglars, the safe cracked and about $200 taken in stamps and cash. Government detectives have been placed on the case.

—Thursday H. A. Chillcote, who is employed at the chemical works in East Smethport, met with a painful accident. Mr. Chillcote was working around the retorts when a flame of gas burst forth, burning his face and neck in a painful manner.

—Ernie Storms, aged 14 years, was accidentally shot in the thigh last evening while playing with another boy in the house of Charles Booth at Sawyer City. The family was absent and the boys were amusing themselves with a revolver they found in the house.

—In a storm that passed over Lancaster county, Pa., Monday, Jennie Martin, aged 10 years, of Bird-in-Hand, was struck by lightning. Her clothes were torn into shreds, her hair burned off and her shoes completely ripped off, yet she was not severely injured.

—Mrs. Mary Manning, one of the oldest female residents of Allegany county, died recently at Angelica, N. Y., she being in her 100th year. Mrs. Manning was born at Yorkshire, England, June 22, 1809, and was the oldest person in Angelica at the time of her death.

—The one case disposed of in court last week which is of local interest was that of Chas. L. Girard vs. Case Cutlery Co. The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff in the sum of $1,558.80. A nonsuit was granted in the case of P. H. Davitt and J. M. Arrowsmith vs. E. J. Gates.

—Mayor C. T. Johnson of Enon, O., is said to have admitted that he had carved a woman out of wood which he worships. On one occasion he carried the wooden woman to the town hall, wrapped in the American flag and gave a public lecture on "The Brighter Life." He is a bachelor.

—On Friday night, May 8th, a special train will be run to Mt. Jewett via the Kushequa Route, for the purpose of witnessing the literary contest between the high schools of Mt. Jewett and Kane. The winner of this will contest with the Smethport high school next Institute week. Fare for round trip 50c.

—On Monday James P. Ryan, Esq., and his wife of Bradford, left for Washington, D. C., where Mr. Ryan is to be occupied for a while with work connected with his position as one of the assistants of the United States attorney general. Later they will go on to Havana, Cuba, where he continues his work for the government.

—Edward R. Boyle and Miss Elizabeth Dwyer, daughter of William Dwyer, a pioneer resident and business man of Oil City, were married at that place Tuesday. The ceremony was performed at St. Stephen's church by Rev. James F. Fielding. The groom is a son of P. C. Boyle of the Oil City Derrick. Best wishes for a long and prosperous life together.

—Mrs. James Kittell's little son, aged 3 months, died Monday morning at Coudersport. The father, James Kittel, accidentally shot and killed himself a few weeks before the little one was born. The funeral was held Tuesday from the home of Mrs. Kittell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Baldwin. Mrs. Kittell has the sympathy of all in her time of trouble.

—Joseph Miller, a well-known Butler county oil operator, was shot in the left side by a burglar whom he discovered in his house Friday morning. Miller was awakened by an unusual noise and getting out of bed he stumbled over the body of the burglar. He grabbed the man and was dragging him to the stairway when the thief drew a revolver and fired with the above result. Miller will recover.

—The Bon Air sanitarium for the treatment of tuberculosis at Bells Camp was opened yesterday. There are accommodations for twenty patients. Buffalo and Bradford physicians are greatly interested in the sanitarium, as it is the only one between Buffalo and Oil City. Milton F. Melvin is the manager of the sanitarium and he will be assisted by Miss Mary Nash, an experienced professional nurse, who will be at the head of a competent staff.—Bradford Star.

—A good many fishermen in this vicinity have the impression that we have no game warden on duty now and that they are practically safe in taking any size trout they choose. This is a mistaken idea as some will undoubtedly learn in the not far distant future. Bradford sportsmen keep a fish and game warden on duty all the time and we understand Eldred sportsmen have a like official now. One or both of these gentlemen are more than liable to make a visit in this vicinity before long.

—One day recently while opening up a ditch on King street, near Hon. James A. McKean's barn, Street Commissioner Olaf Hartor found five dessert spoons and five teaspoons, which later proved to be part of the plunder taken from Mr. McKean's residence nearly a year ago when his place was burglarized. The spoons found had been wrapped up and placed under the cross-walk and were plated ware. A careful search has been made for more of the plunder but none of the more valuable things could be found.

—One day recently Wayne Carpenter and a number of other boys were amusing themselves with a bon-fire at Cadeton. Wayne had a quantity of powder tobee in his pocket which he drew forth and threw on the flames. In doing so a flash enveloped him in a mass of flames. The boys with him helped put out the fire and with the assistance of F. S. Fry, who heard the boy's screams, removed him to his uncle's home. Medical aid was summoned but there was no hope of saving his life, he passed away the following day.

—A terrible tragedy occurred at Centerville, Crawford county, Friday morning last, in which an entire family was burned to death. The fire was discovered in the home of David Weatherby about two o'clock in the morning and by the time the neighbors reached the scene the occupants were beyond aid. Albert Lamm was the only one to escape from the burning building and he, in a dying condition, is unable to tell how the fire originated. The dead are: David Weatherby, aged 78 years; Mrs. David Weatherby, aged 80; a daughter aged 50 years and Mrs. Albert Lamm.

—Miss Kate Reidy of Welch avenue went to Kane Wednesday to attend a party, intending to be home next morning. At about 11 o'clock she telephoned that she would come later because she had an escapade. Said escapade consisted of getting herself lost. The young man who accompanied her to the depot at Kane assisted her onto the wrong train. The mistake was discovered when the train was a mile distant from Kane, to which place Miss Reidy started to walk. In some way she got on the wrong track at a switch and continued to get farther away from Kane, until another pedestrian put her on the right route. She arrived back in Kane at about 10:30 o'clock, after a tramp of an hour and a half.—Bradford Record.

—Roscoe E. Harbeck of Black Creek, a farmer aged 42 years, committed suicide by hanging himself in his barn. The body was found the following morning. Harbeck had stood on a box, tied one end of a rope to a beam, the other about his neck, he then kicked the box from under him and slowly strangled to death. When found the right hand was in his pant's pocket and held a jack knife. Harbeck was last seen alive Thursday evening between five and six o'clock driving his team from the field toward the barn. The team was found the following morning unhitched. He had entered the barn and partially milked a cow for the purpose of feeding a calf. Instead of feeding the calf he killed it, and then took his own life. Harbeck has been of unsound mind for some time. About two years ago his wife and children left him went to Weston's Mills to live. Upon searching the dead man's pockets the coroner found $117 in cash.

Wanted.

Young or middle-aged woman to assist in house work. Good wages to right party. G. W. Johnson, Kushequa, Pa., Supt. Mt. J., K. & R. R. R. Co.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Personal Mention.

C. B. Corwin was a Bradford visitor Tuesday.

Bert Kidder had business in Bradford Thursday last.

O. W. Catlin of Port Allegany was in town Monday.

O. G. Mesler of Kane had business in town Tuesday.

Frank Purtle returned Wednesday from Bradford.

John Green of Olean was a Smethport visitor Monday.

Miss Esther Erhart visited friends in Olean yesterday.

T. F. Hungiville made a business trip to Buffalo Wednesday.

Jacob Hafner of Clermont had business in town yesterday.

Mrs. George Brennan returned Tuesday from a trip to Buffalo.

Mrs. T. W. Sweeney is visiting relatives and friends in Eldred.

John Digel was a guest of Bradford friends Friday and Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Simpkins were visitors in Bradford Tuesday last.

District Attorney G. B. Mayo had business in Bradford last Tuesday.

Hon. and Mrs. James A. McKean were Driftwood visitors this week.

Mrs. Michael Egan was a visitor in Bradford the fore part of the week.

Miss Bertha Wetenhall and Eva Bender were in Kane the first of this week.

Miss Mae O'Brien returned Wednesday from a visit with friends in Olean.

Mrs. F. C. Pierce visited at the home of Mrs. John Green of Olean this week.

Merchantile Appriser, John O. Sonbers of Bradford was in town Tuesday.

Miss Daisy Hevener of Mt. Jewett is the guest of her sister Mrs. P. E. Brown.

M. J. McMahon of DuBois was the guest of Miss Sylvia Lawrence Monday.

Miss Gene Gifford of Crosby was a visitor in town Wednesday and Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Haskell Hockenburg and child were Bradford visitors last week.

Miss Beth Burdick of Buffalo is visiting her brother, Wade Burdick, and family.

Leon Valentine of Port Allegany passed Sunday with his wife in this borough.

Mrs. E. W. Hevner of Mt. Jewett was a guest of her daughter, Mrs. P. E. Brown last week.

A. W. Colegrove attended the dedication of the Bucktail monument at Driftwood on Monday.

C. T. McKee of Bradford, manager of the Bell Telephone Co., was in town a few days last week.

H. H. Redfield attended the Republican State Convention at Harrisburg on Wednesday as a delegate.

Miss Mame Colegrove left Tuesday morning for Washington D. C., where she will visit relatives and friends.

Mrs. T. H. Morrison was the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Davis of Bradford Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Wright returned home Tuesday from Renova and Emporium where they have been for the past week.

W. Harrison Walker of Center county, Democratic candidate for Congress from this district, was a visitor in town on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Newman and child of Syracuse, N. Y., are guests of Mrs. Newman's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Forrest.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Whitton, Mr. and Mrs. N. G. Cunningham and Chas. Shoemaker of Olean were the guests of Miss Sylvia Lawrence last week.

The following were among the Bradford visitors Monday: B. F. Starsky, H. M. Choate, H. W. Rubin, R. W. Hilton, Mrs. A. Stull, Mrs. M. Carter, Allen Park, C. J. Vanblad, N. C. Keefer, J. A. Swanson, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Danning, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Karlon, A. Hagburg, Guy Comes, F. M. Culkerne, C. J. Holmstrom, Edna Stoneburg, Burdett S. Bayle, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar W. Strong, W. G. Holder, A. Cunningham, Mr. and Mrs. Zigler and Wade Burdick.

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We invite every

Mother & Father

in town to see another addition to our splendid showing of

Children's Clothing

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BLOUSE SUITS

in both Woollen & Wash Goods, in all the latest shades—brown, grey, blue and garnets—from $2.50 to $6.50 a suit.

Corduroy & Woolen Boys Knickerbocker Pants at 50c and $1.00.

WM. MONHEIMER.

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES

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"The Interwoven Toe & Heel"

Why have holes in the toes of your socks? Wear socks which are practically puncture proof—made strong where strength is needed.

The new process makes the toe and heel several times more durable than those made in the ordinary way. The difference lies in the peculiar construction of those parts of the stocking which are subjected to the greatest wear.

Through the use of "Interwoven" hosiery men may avoid wearing half-hose with holes or patches at the toes and save the inconvenience of darning.

"Interwoven" half-hose fit perfectly, have no objectional seams and look like silk. They may be had in all weights in black and fashionable colors.

A single pair will convince you of their unusual wearing qualities.

Per Pair, 25c Half-Dozen, $1.38

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The Beauty of Hebron and The Early Rose, also The Carmon.

Friday and Saturday ONLY

We will sell Currents for 10c, the same we are now selling for 12c.

Raspberry Pie Fruit will go for 8c.

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One Model H, White Steam Car, fine order, will sell very cheap.
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One light, 1904 White Steam Car, four passenger, fine running order, new tires, and recently repaired all through, price $550.00
One Model 8, Peerless 30 H. P. gasoline car, five passenger. Car in good running order.....price $550.00

F. H. Reed, General Sales Agent for McKean, Potter, Cameron, Elk and Clearfield counties, on and after January 1st, 1908, will have a first-class repair shop well equipped for all kinds of general repair work, and maintainence of Steam and other Cars. Expert workmen from factory. Your correspondence solicited.

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WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St W. H. Hungerford, SMETHPORT

Bred In the Bone.

By James Norton.

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Ezra Billings and Martha Scott had married rather late in life. Each was known to have "opinions," but it was generally agreed that they would live happily. So they did, but their ways were not exactly understood by their friends. Before they had been married two weeks Martha called Ezra the biggest fool in Saginaw county, and Ezra called her an old cat. Neither was the least bit angry. It was just their way, and they understood each other.

They did not dissemble and play the hypocrite when a third party was present. Ezra had courted Martha for four years before marrying her, and she was the only woman he had ever loved, but this did not stand in the way of his saying to her in the presence of old Aunt Jackson, "Martha, if we had a chicken on the farm with less brains than you've got I'd wring its neck."

And then Martha felt in duty bound to good naturedly reply, "Ezra Billings, if I didn't lead you around by a string you'd be sitting down on the hot stove half the time."

In time it got to be known that the couple wrangled like a dog and a cat, and fifty families became more or less interested. In time also they passed to stronger terms and epithets. Between themselves they didn't mean anything by it. It was just a little harmless way of his when Ezra said to Martha in front of a tin peddler: "Say, woman, don't smile at me and ask my opinion about dishpans. If I hadn't been watching you like a hawk this morning, you'd have put paris green in my coffee."

"That ain't the way to kill off born fools," replied Martha. "You've got to hit 'em with an ax as they are lying asleep in bed."

Of course the peddler passed it along, and of course the lightning rod and the windmill man passed along what they heard, and at last the neighbors woke up each morning expecting to find that foul murder had been done during the night.

Mr. and Mrs. Billings were members of one of the churches down in the village, and their pastor was dutifully appealed to. Being a conservative as well as a good man, he thought the matter over for a time and then preached a sermon to fit the subject. It was a hit at both, and they were there to hear, and yet when they left the church Ezra was heard to say, "Martha, if the preacher had walloped me as he did you I'd have hung head shut for the next fourteen years."

"Walloped me!" she replied. "Ezra Billings, every single word of that sermon was meant for you, and if you keep on wrangling with me the people will turn out and give you a coat of tar and feathers."

Then the preacher decided that it was his duty to call at the farmhouse and make a more direct appeal. Martha was glad to see him. She said she was glad. She said she was in need of advice and was just thinking of coming to see him. She said it was about that fool husband of hers.

He had taken it into his head that the world was round, when everybody else knew better, and had threatened to brain her with the crowbar if she didn't believe as he did. He wouldn't do it, of course. Ezra was one of the best men in the world, whether it was round or flat, and he wouldn't be brought to kill a fly, but she thought he ought to be wrestled with for talking that way.

"But, Sister Billings, you have been heard to threaten to poison your husband," protested the good man.

"Oh, but that's just our way."

"And to pour hot lead in his ear as he slept."

"Yes, but Ezra knows I wouldn't do such a thing. If he was afraid of that he wouldn't sleep and snore the way he does."

"You have threatened to throw him over the curb into the well."

"But if I did he would climb right out and kiss me."

"You have said that you wished a tree would fall on him and that he would be brought home dead."

"Yes, but I giggled when I said it, and when I giggle I don't mean what I say. As I said, I should like your advice. Do you think the ties ought to have the same chance to live as the cows?"

"That is a rather queer question, Sister Billings."

"Yes, but that dratted fool of a husband of mine, who ought to have been in an idiot asylum years ago, has got the idea in his noodlepate that they have, and he's gone and tied up all the cows' tails so they can no longer switch.

"I was telling the lop shouldered, slab sided nincompoop only an hour ago to untie them tails or I'd break his neck with the first fence rail I could get my hands on."

"You—you talked that way to your husband!"

"I had to. No one knows Ezra as I do. You've got to talk right out at him if you want him to hump himself. He doesn't mind it, however. Ezra never loved a human being until I came into his life, and if I should die he'd wilt away like a weed."

The good man sighed heavily and went down to the cornfield to have a little talk with Ezra. He was greeted with the greatest pleasure, but as soon as they had shaken hands the farmer began:

"Did Martha tell you that I threatened to choke her to death last night?"

"I hope you didn't make use of any such language."

"But I did, though of course it was all in fun. What do you think that empty headed idiot did yesterday afternoon? Because a bee stung her she went at it and kicked over a whole hive, and the old horse was stung in thirty-seven different places."

"I s'pose I could push her into the goose pond in such a way that people would call it a case of suicide, but I shan't do it. We love each other and don't mean nothing by our talk. You have probably heard a great lot, but you mustn't pay any attention to it."

The good man went away puzzled and unsatisfied, but resolved to let the case alone. He told Deacons Harrow and Swift so when they dropped in to talk matters over, but they went away to do a little plotting and planning on their own account. They agreed that it was a scandalous case and called for heroic treatment.

A week passed away, and then one forenoon Deacon Swift dropped in to inquire where Ezra was. He knew well enough that he was down in the woods chopping and that Deacon Harrow was taking care of that end of the line.

"Ezra?" queried Martha in reply, "Why, the blamed skunk is down in the woods chopping! I told him this morning that he wasn't worth the powder to blow him to Goshen. I don't see why he don't die and let me marry a sensible man."

"Mrs. Billings, what if you should hear that Ezra was dead?" asked the deacon in a solemn voice.

"Oh, quit your fooling!"

"What if his dead body, mangled out of shape by a falling tree, should be borne into this house within the next ten minutes?"

"Is—is anything the matter with Ezra?"

"You have called him names. You have wished him dead. You have tempted and defied Providence. Oh, woman!"—

She didn't wait to hear anything further; but, hatless and with skirts flying, she took across the fields for the woods. Deacon Harrow, who had Ezra to handle, had indulged in a few casual observations and then asked if Martha was well.

"She was all right when I left the house," was the reply, "but there's no telling what an idiot of a woman may do. She may have gone into the well head first for all I know."

"Ezra Billings, you have been heard to threaten to beat your wife."

"That's just my way."

"You have been heard to wish that she was dead."

"That was just a joke, deacon."

"Joke! Man, if Martha is found dead in the house with her head all battered in, don't you know"—

But Ezra had dropped his ax and started for the house on a run. Husband and wife met halfway, with a deacon behind either to point the moral. There was no moral to point.

"You lop shouldered, knockkneed old camel, but what do you mean?" demanded the wife as she saw her husband was all right.

"And what do you mean?" demanded the husband as he looked her over. "Say, Martha, you don't know 'nuff to lift them big feet of yours when wading through a mudhole."

"Ezra, you are a gosh hanged liar!"

"Martha, you deserve killing!"

And as they turned their backs on each other and walked away the two deacons locked arms and headed for the road. Not a word was said until they had climbed the fence, and then Deacon Swift observed, "Would you call it a failure, deacon—a failure on our part?"

"I certainly should, deacon, and I should further say that we hadn't better say anything about it."

Compulsory Pluck.

The colonel of a crack cavalry regiment was impressed with the efficiency of a certain volunteer infantry division during some recent maneuvers and in order to test their courage suggested to their leader that they should face a charge made by his men.

The officer in command consented and drew his men up in the required position to face the ordeal.

Hitherto the courage of the foot regiment had remained unquestioned, but when they saw the cavalry thundering down upon them and almost on top of them they turned and fled in a most disorderly manner, save one man, who remained steadfast on bended knee and with fixed bayonet.

By a dexterous movement the cavalry charge was brought to a termination within a foot or so of the hero, and their commander, approaching the valiant one, said:

"Bravo! You are the bravest man in the regiment and worth all the rest of them put together. But tell me—why didn't you fly with the others?"

"So I should have done," said the hero, "but my foot got stuck in a hole."—London Answers.

Ideals That Are Possible.

As we advance into life out of larger experience of the world and of ourselves are unfolded the ideals of what will be possible to us if we make the best use of the world and of ourselves, taken as we are. Let these be as high as they may, they will always be lower than those others which are perhaps the veiled intimations of our immortality. These will always be imperfect, but life is not a failure because they are so. It is these that are to burn for us, not like lighthouses in the distance, but like candles in our hands.—James Lane Allen, "The Choir Invisible."

ManZan Pile Remedy comes ready to use, put up in a collapsible tube with nozzle attached. One application proves its merit. Soothes and heals, reduces inflammation and relieves soreness and itching. For all forms of piles. Price 50c. Guaranteed. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

SOLVED THE PROBLEM.

The Simple Secret of Blowing the Big Glass Globes.

Emperor Nicholas wished to illuminate the Alexander column in a grand style. The size of the round lamps to be used for the purpose were indicated and the glasses ordered at the manufactory, where the workmen exerted themselves in vain and almost blew the breath out of their bodies in the endeavor to obtain the desired size.

The commission must be executed—that was self evident—but how?

A great premium was offered to the one who could solve the problem. Again the human bellows lolled and puffed. Their object seemed unattainable, when at last a long bearded Russian stepped forward and declared that he could do it; he had strong lungs; he would only rinse his mouth first with a little water to refresh them.

He applied his mouth to the pipe and puffed to such purpose that the vitreous ball swelled and puffed nearly to the required dimensions, up to them, beyond them.

"Hold! Hold!" cried the lookers on. "You are doing too much. And how did you do it all?"

"The matter is simple enough," answered the long beard, "but, first, where is my premium?"

And when he clutched the promised bounty he explained.

He had retained some of the water in his mouth, which had passed thence into the glowing ball and then, becoming steam, had rendered him this good service.

PET ANIMALS IN WILLS.

Fortune to "My Red Horse"—Parrot Bequeathed to Queen Victoria.

A. T. Newbold, the Salford brewer, who has left his greyhound, Wildfire II., an annuity of £25, is one of many testators who have remembered their pet animals in their wills.

A farmer near Toulouse who died a short time ago left his entire estate to "my red horse." One John Spooner of Chicago bequeathed £400 to his dog "in recognition of his sympathy and tender nursing when I was seriously ill," and the will of a Mr. Garland contained this clause: "I bequeath to my monkey, Jacko, the sum of £100 per annum and to my faithful dog, Shock, and my well beloved cat, Tib, a pension of £5."

Dr. Christians of Venice left 60,000 florins for the maintenance of his three dogs, a Mr. Harper settled £100 on his "young black cat," and a Frenchman named Souchat left his entire fortune to his tortoise.

A good many years ago an old lady bequeathed her pet parrot to Queen Victoria, with 100 guineas a year for its keep, on the amusing condition that her majesty publicly exhibits it before her court twice a year to prove that the person intrusted with its care has not wrung its neck."—Westminster Gazette.

All Three Kinds.

There is a village in New England which clings fondly to the customs of the past and has small regard for innovations. Not long ago an old resident died. The lawyer who went up to settle the family affairs stayed overnight at the little inn. He was a dyspeptic and ever cautious about his food. Therefore he looked sourcldingly at the waitress as she stood at the breakfast table the next morning to greet him.

"I'm—er—obliged to be very careful of myself," he said solemnly. "My diet is extremely limited. What sort of breakfast food have you? That is all I take in the morning except dry toast."

"We have apple, squash and mince," said the girl, regarding him in kindly and sympathetic fashion. "You can take your choice or have all three if you like."—Youth's Companion.

Melbourne and the Garter.

Lord Melbourne seems to have held the title holder in legitimate contempt. The London Chronicle reminds us that once when that statesman was invited by his secretary to grant an interview to an importunate applicant for a title he exclaimed wearily: "What the mischief does he want now? Does he want a garter for the other leg?" Melbourne himself was pressed by Queen Victoria to accept the blue ribbon, but he declined. "A garter," he explained, "may attach to us somebody of consequence whom nothing else can reach, but what would be the use of my taking it? I cannot bribe myself."

Hiding Places of Diamonds.

If the Regent diamond as shown in the Louvre is only a model in paste and the real stone is hidden away, it is a case of history repeating itself, for in 1797 when the Regent diamond was pawned for house furniture to Vandenberg, a banker of Amsterdam, and he was remonstrated with upon the danger of exhibiting it to the public he replied: "The Regent that is in the glass case is a sham. The real Regent is in my wife's stays."—Pall Mall Gazette.

For the Next One.

Nagger—I've put one poor chap on his feet, anyway. Mrs. Nagger—Whom have you been feeling your money away on now? Nagger—Your next husband, madam! I've had my life insured.—London Telegraph.

Tart Advice.

Aged Admirer—Think of all the luxuries a rich husband like me could give you! Miss De Young—Oh, a rich father would do just as well! Marry my mother!—London Standard.

If all men were as industrious as some men are curious, what a busy place this world would be.—Somerville Journal.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts, Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

Humor

IN NEED OF HELP.

Mrs. Blank and Her Experience as Secretary of a Club.

"My dear," said Mrs. Blank to her husband the other evening after she had been silent for half an hour before her writing desk, while her husband had become absorbed in his favorite magazine, "I do wish that you would help me out a little with these minutes. You see, I am secretary now of our Twentieth Century Progress club, and I am trying to write up the minutes of today's meeting, and I am just dreadfully mixed up over the motions and things. Now, at the business meeting before the lecture on 'Protoplasms' Mrs. Smythe made a motion, and then Mrs. Bright made an amendment to the motion, and then Mrs. Fyler made an amendment to the amendment, and then Mrs. Smythe didn't accept the first amendment and made a new motion that some one said was out of order, and the chair said she didn't feel sure whether it was or not, and some one said to lay the whole thing on the table, and some one else said you couldn't do that because it had been seconded and had to be acted upon unless Mrs. Smythe would withdraw her motion, and while that was being discussed some one else moved to amend the new motion, and some one else said it could not be done, and now I can't for the life of me think what the motion was, only that it was something about an amendment to some section of the by-laws striking out the words by vote of the club and substituting something that I can't remember, and I was so confused and mixed up that I can't remember what motion or what amendment or amendment to the amendment was carried or if anything was carried. Men are so used to keeping minutes, and they know all about parliamentary usage. Would you mind writing down for me the way I ought to record that motion in my book? That's a dear. I want it put down just right, so that no horrid person in the club can say that I don't know anything about putting down motions and things. I've told you just how it was, and will you tell me how to put it down?"—J. L. Harbour in Puck.

How He Squared Himself.

"Rotten!" involuntarily exclaimed Higgins at the play. "I beg your pardon," he said to the startled man in the next seat, thinking possibly he was a friend of the actor. "I'm always saying something to hurt some one's feelings, but I assure you I was not referring to the star—merely his lines."

"Oh, don't worry about me," he replied. "I'm only the man who wrote the play."—Judge.

A Practical Explanation.

"Ah!" sighed the soulful young woman, sniffing the balmy air. "There's no mistaking the spirit of spring in this glorious morning. How mysterious is the pungent perfume in the air—"

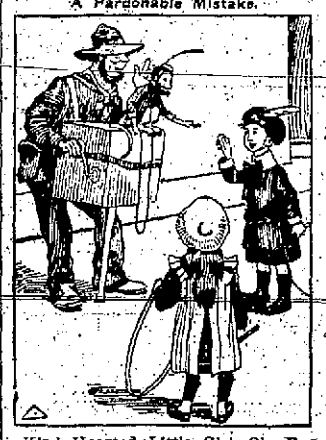
"But," suggested the practical young man, "maybe that pungent smell ain't so mysterious after all. I think it's the camphor off the last year's suits so many fellows are wearing today."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Real Dude.

"What do you mean by riding behind my automobile?"—demanded the angry chauffeur.

"Excuse me, boss," replied Dandy Bumpers, tipping his crownless hat, "but der was a slight grease stain on me starry vest, an' I thought de fumes of de gasoline might get it out."—Denver News.

A Pardonable Mistake.



Kind Hearted Little Girl—Oh, Reggie, don't give it to him; give it to his father.—Tatler.

Leap Year Worries.

Jack—What's the matter, old man? You look worried.

Tom—Oh, Miss Faintheart keeps me guessing. She hasn't proposed yet.

Jack—But you told me you didn't intend to marry her.

Tom—And I don't. But, after all the time I wasted on her, I think she might at least give me a chance to refuse her.—Chicago News.

Didn't Like the Phrase.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "did you say this tip on the races was a 'lead pipe?'"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't pretend to expert knowledge. But lead pipe somehow suggests plumbers. And plumbers are always expensive."—Washington Star.

A LOVER'S PLAINT.

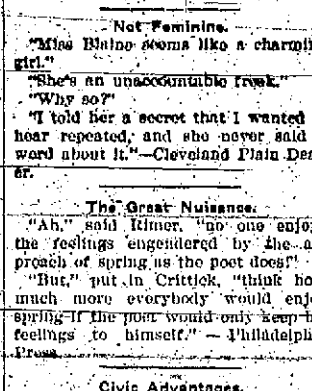
My lady has two soft blue eyes
That look in mine with love,
And when they shyly tell their tale
I feel in bliss above—
Or would—save that eyes red as fire
Glare at me from her side
And seem to say, "If you come near,
Then woe to you betide!"

My lady has a lovely mouth,
Full of sweet, childlike wiles,
That's only made for laughter light,
For kisses and for smiles.
But near it is another mouth
Full furnished with fangs white,
And so I dare not kiss my love,
For fear I'll get a bite.

It is the rival whom I hate,
Her blue blood brindle bull,
And vainly do I plead and storm
To break that beastly pull.
She looks aggrieved or laughs and says:
"Must I your memory jog?
Remember, sir, it is the test—
'Love me, love my dog!'"

—Baltimore American.

Thoughtful of Him.



"Now, begorra, if I fall some critter down there'll get this hod of brick on the head."—Harper's Weekly.

Practicing For the Cotillion.

"Nobody ever told me that I was a good dancer," declared Edward M. Greenway, leader of cotillions. "But I'll tell you a compliment a young woman did pay me once. She said, 'You took me through that crowd without a collision and without any one treading on my skirt.'

"Well, I never had a dancing lesson in my life, but I used to practice dancing in the days when women wore those great long trains and it was not considered good form to pick them up. They trailed along behind several yards. Those were the days when you had to guide and keep moving with your partner so as to keep that train following gracefully."

"But how did you practice?"

"Used to tie two sheets to an ordinary chair and then dance in and out among a dozen chairs scattered over a dance floor."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Failed to Relieve.

On the mighty deep.
The great ocean liner rolled and pitched.

"Henry," faltered the young bride, "do you still love me?"

"More than ever, darling!" was Henry's fervent answer.

Then there was an eloquent silence.

"Henry," she gasped, turning her pale, ghastly face away, "I thought that would make me feel better, but it doesn't!"—Southwestern's Book.

Not Feminine.

"Miss Blaine seems like a charming girl."

"She's an unaccountable freak."

"Why so?"

"I told her a secret that I wanted to hear repeated, and she never said a word about it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Great Nuisance.

"Ah," said Rimer, "no one enjoys the feelings engendered by the approach of spring as the poet does!"

"But," put in Crittick, "think how much more everybody would enjoy spring if the poet would only keep his feelings to himself." — Philadelphia Press.

Civic Advantages.

Satan was delighted to discover what it was that so many talented men were engaged in raising.

"Perhaps our town hasn't got quite so much gold pavement as some," he chuckled, "but it's got the boosters."—Puck.

The Charitable Sex.

Clara—I saw Miss Uppson at church this morning for the first time in almost a year. Do you suppose she had experienced a change of heart?

Maude—Possibly, but more than likely it is a change of bonnet.—St. Louis Republic.

What's the Use?

"Does wealth bring real enjoyment?"

"Naw. They won't let you eat the grub you like, or wear the clothes you consider classy, or listen to the music you understand, or even put a cast iron dog on the lawn."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Future.

"You should learn to live with an eye to the future."

"The future is what has been straining my eyes for years," answered the worried looking man. "I have stock in seven or eight undeveloped gold mines."—Washington Star.

Too Great a Sacrifice.

"When a man whistles at his work, I suppose he is happy?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Sirius Barker, "but I hate the sort of man who can't be happy without making every one else miserable."—Washington Star.

Planked.

First Shad—Was your brother superstitious?

Second Shad—Yes. Just after boasting he touched wood.—New York Sun.

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Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
Lieutenant Governor—Robt. S. Murphy.
State Treasurer—John O. Sheatz
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

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State Senator—G. W. Williams, Wellsboro.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; R. P. Halsted, Bradford.
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Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—A. B. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—L. M. Choate, Smethport.
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Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
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Coroner—E. R. Sherman, Bradford
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Hayle, Smethport.

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Justices—E. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Nass.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, treas.; W. F. Specht, sec'y.; John B. Eastman, O. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, H. E. Tull, W. R. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. R. Henderson.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 368, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

SANFORD L. FRY, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

G. H. DENNING, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 2373, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

J. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

B. F. WRIGHT, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL CHIGSEY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

W. R. MORRISON, Com.
F. R. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.

ELIZABETH KIDDER, Com.
MRS. A. A. ABBEY, R. K.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. E. A. BARBER, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

B. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 45, meet on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
JENNIE EDMONDACHER, Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter No. 13, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOOREHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday, Warrick's degree and Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, Pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 1 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:00 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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A QUESTION OF TIME.

By Clarissa Mackie.

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A night in India—humid, breathless, with great stars hanging in the dark blue sky and the dank odor of rotting vegetation from the nearby jungle.

From his seat in a bamboo reclining chair Welton stared unwinkingly at the blazing constellations. The punka boy had fallen into exhausted slumber on the mat, and the huge fan hung motionless overhead.

Welton could hear the low murmur of voices from the interior of the bungalow, and he knew that by slightly turning his head he could see the pink glow of light from the shaded lamp and the reflection of two faces in the large mirror in the corner.

The two forms leaned over the piano, the white fingers of Marion Lester drawing soft harmonies from the instrument, while Akerslie murmured tenderly in her pretty ear.

And it was because of these two at the piano that Welton, as very miserable and stared at the stars. He knew that Mrs. Le[illegible] was nodding over her embroidery in some obscure corner of the room, and as for himself—well, he seemed to be in it at all!

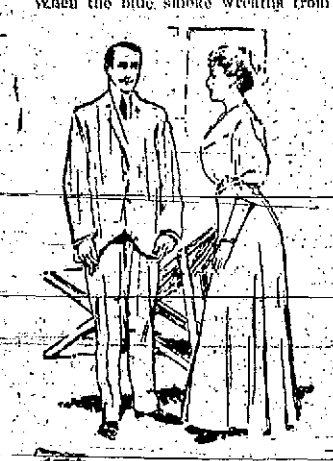
Colonel Lester was quartered at Lucknow, and when it was learned that Welton could not obtain the desired leave of absence to visit his sweetheart Mrs. [illegible] and good naturedly undertaken the journey to Welton's isolated station at Gola Ghat.

The unexpected visit of the two women had thrown the [illegible] station into a blissful confusion of preparation. The depredations of a man eating tiger had furnished an inexhaustible source of conversation and [illegible] been the occasion for many tentative trips into the jungle for several weeks before the arrival of the visitors, but now all was forgotten save the fact that there would be new faces to break the dead monotony of the days, the fresh faces and low toned voices of refined English women.

And then Akerslie had returned in and spoiled it all. He had come to see Welton and to try pot shots at the man eater, but he had met Marion Lester, and in spite of the fact that he was Welton's guest and that he knew the relations existing between the two he paid assiduous court to the girl.

Thus far she had repelled his advances with a dignified coolness that seemed to inflame him to greater ardor. This evening, however, the gentleness of her manner toward him and her careless treatment of her lover had driven the latter to sulky solitude in the veranda.

When the blue smoke wreathing from



"WERE YOU REALLY ASLEEP, BILLY?"

his cigar had formed a dense cloud which obliterated the starry heavens from his gaze Welton dropped his eyes and stared at two points of yellow light that oscillated near the ground.

They were ten inches apart, and they moved in unison. Welton calculated that they must be just without the bamboo stockade which inclosed the compound.

There was a prickly feeling along the spine, and he could feel the hair raising slightly around his forehead as he realized that Chuni had neglected to close the great gate and that there was perhaps only a hundred feet intervening between the man eater and the open window of the little drawing room.

He thought rapidly, with his eyes fixed on the lambent points of flame in the velvet gloom of the gateway. If he made a dash for the window and the safety that lay beyond the beast would spring before he could close the shutters behind his retreating form. If he could make Akerslie hear, at least the women would be safe.

"Akerslie!" he called in a low, clear whisper.

"Yes!" came the other man's lazy tones.

"Close those shutters instantly! The man eater!" His words were lost in the quick manipulation of the iron rods from within, and the shutters fell with a clang, blotting out the glow of light and leaving Welton alone to face the tiger.

The momentary confusion roused the beast into action. Welton could see the slow approach of the yellow eyes, could hear the padding of the great paws on the sandy path, and now his long sinuous form was dimly outlined in the starlight.

Welton remembered that he had left his revolver on his dressing stand. It could not be much of a fight with all the odds on the other side. At any rate, when the tiger had borne him down to his lair Akerslie, the coward—

Suddenly there was a terrific roar, a stifling odor of fur. Welton's hand instinctively flew to his pocket, and to his surprise the revolver was there. There was a sharp crack at one of the yellow spots of light and a rush of air as the beast sprang toward him. He dropped to the floor, and with a tremendous thud the animal struck the closed shutters and bounded back with a bloodcurdling scream of baffled rage and pain.

Welton had leaped over the railing and slipped behind the protecting trunk of a giant teak. The animal snuffed about the veranda, and presently there was a cry of startled flight, and Welton remembered the sleeping punka boy. He saw the tiger stepping down the path, his jaws gripping a dark moaning bundle.

He knew that, unmolested, the beast would now retire to the jungle with his victim and that the occupants of the bungalow as well as himself would be free from danger. He ground his teeth and aimed for the other eye. He put it out.

In the light of the stars he saw the beast shiver, drop the dark bundle which sped affrightedly away, and then come toward him with bleeding, blinded eyes and snarling mouth.

It was only a question of time now. Around the tree he dodged, and then farther away from the house toward the stockade. He would lure the beast from the vicinity of the bungalow and fight it out with him in the open space before the jungle, which rose dark and forbidding in the background. One would win out, and the other—

Again he heard the crack of his revolver, and yet again, and still the beast did not fall. Still he tracked the man blindly, remorselessly. There were two cartridges left in the chamber, and then again Welton fired once, twice. With a shudder, he felt something soft on his cheek.

"By Jove! Billy seems a bit sleepy! Wake up and hear the news, old man!"

Welton recognized the facetious tone of Akerslie, his faithless friend. He opened his eyes slowly, wonderfully. Overhead the great stars were hanging in the dark blue sky, and there was a rank odor of rotting vegetation from the nearby jungle.

He was reclining in the bamboo chair, and Marion stood behind him with her soft hand upon his rumpled hair. There was a glow of lamplight from the open window of the drawing room, and in the opposite direction he could see that the gate of the compound was closed.

"The—the—panther?" he asked dazedly, moving his cramped limbs.

"What made you think of that?" asked Akerslie carelessly. "I was just going to spring it on you! Chuni—the brave, the incomparable Chuni—has slain the man eater just without the stockade! Look!"

Welton rose stiffly to his feet and looked sheepishly at the flaming torches and the crowd of brown skinned natives who were triumphantly dragging the huge carcass through the gateway. Chuni, proud and victorious, salaamed before his master. "For the honorable sahib," he said solemnly.

A little later Marion bade her lover good night. "What do you think, Billy?" she murmured softly, with a shy glance at the stalwart form of Akerslie. "Major Akerslie has been telling me about his engagement to Marjorie Booth—a dear schoolmate of mine—and I'm afraid we were so much interested in talking about her that we forgot you! Were you really asleep, Billy?"

"I hope so," said Billy impressively.

The Glory of Life.

The human race is still in its infancy. Up to the present moment, with a few grand exceptions, man has lived mostly an animal existence. The brute is only partially educated out of him. He has not yet evolved that superb character, that divine man, foreshadowed in the beast. How few people ever get anything more than a mere glimpse of the true glory of life! How of us see any real sentiment in life or anything above the real animal existence and animal pleasures. Most of us look upon our occupation as a disagreeable necessity that somehow or other ought to have been and might have been avoided. The trouble with many of us is that we think too meanly of ourselves. Our sordid aims and material, selfish ambitions have so lowered our standards that we think downward instead of upward; we grovel instead of soaring. Our lives are materialistic, selfish, greedy, because we live in the base of our brains, down among the brute faculties. We have never explored to any great extent the upper regions of our brain, never developed our higher intelligence.—Success Magazine.

A Courteous Pirate.

That even a Chinese pirate may have a strong idea of chivalry is proved by the following excerpt from an item in the North China Daily News: "The launch at once stopped when ordered to do so. The leader of the pirates was then heard to order his men that they were not to molest any one on board who voluntarily handed over his or her valuables. Among the passengers, however, were a father and son, the latter of whom, it seemed, was a little too slow in obeying the pirates' order to hand over his money, with the result that he was shot. Upon hearing the shot the pirate chief, who was on deck, came down into the cabin and, seeing the father of the unlucky young man lamenting over his son's death, addressed the old man and condoled with him on his son's unfortunate and 'undeserved' death. The chief finally brought out of his pocket a roll of $50 and handed the sum to the old man as a solatium, bidding him to refrain from further lamentations."

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A WONDERLAND.

New Zealand's Belt of Geysers of Boiling Water.

If one can imagine a furious and active volcano with a crater a thousand miles in extent, sunk level with the earth and thinly covered with a screen of soil, and how some idea of the awe inspiring "wonderland" of New Zealand's north island. You cannot poke a stick into the ground without starting a boiling spring, and wherever you turn the ground is fairly alive with geysers of boiling water—steam jets and blowholes, with quivering volcanoes and gurgling "mud pots," all colored fantastically with rainbow hues, ranging from brilliant sapphire to vivid scarlet. Stranger still, the entire face of this region is constantly changing in shape and color, and there are hot springs here stretching in a continuous chain for 300 miles. The ground throbs and quivers with volcanic activity, and set in the midst of it all are native Maori villages of surpassing interest, a strange race of magnificent savages, who, although they have been cannibals within the memory of man, are now a highly intelligent race and actually send representatives to the parliament in Wellington.

The native women, gorgeous in garments of crimson, green and purple, are forever puffing stolidly at big pipes and going hither and thither about their household work with the quaintest of babies slung across their backs. This reminds me that domestic work in this strange region is made light indeed for white housewives as well as the Maori women. Every garden and back yard has its hot water provided by nature.

And when these easy going people grow hungry the mother prepares a meat pudding or a joint and drops it into a convenient pot of natural boiling water in the earth, and in a few minutes it is cooked. The same conveniences are still more in evidence on washing day. Stepping carefully through a tangle of boiling geysers and gurgling mud pots, one suddenly comes upon a great collection of native women and girls doing their washing in a vast smoking lake big enough to have steamers on it.—W. T. Fitzgerald in St. Nicholas.

LIVING PROOF OF IT.

How Marriage Develops the Best Traits in a Man.

"By the way, Mary," said Mr. Winterbottom, "young Ascot asked me my advice today about getting married."

Mrs. Winterbottom looked up from the pile of socks that she was darning. "And what advice did you give him, John?" she said.

"Er—hand me them matches, will you? My pipe's out," said Winterbottom.

She transferred the mound of mending from her lap to a chair, rose and, taking the matches to her husband, quietly resumed her work again.

"Well," continued Mr. Winterbottom, wallowing in his big chair, "I told Ascot to go ahead and marry at once. I told him what I have always believed—namely, that nothing develops the best traits in a man's character like matrimony. Nothing, I told him, so splendidly brings into blossom those seeds of unselfishness, of self sacrifice, that lie dormant in even the best of bachelors. The bachelor thinks only of himself. The married man forgets himself in the protecting care that he must eternally lavish upon wife and babes. Coarse, selfish brutes of bachelors I have seen transmuted by marriage into a fine gold of such self forgetfulness and tender consideration, such delicate solicitude and courtesy—er—as"—

Mr. Winterbottom had been slapping his pockets and frowning. Now he stopped abruptly. "There's my pipe out," he said, "and I forgot to bring down that pouch again. Do you mind, Mary? It's on the dressing table in the fourth story front."

Mrs. Winterbottom, with pleasant alacrity, hastened from the room.—New York Press.

Spoiled the Prayer.

A west end man who had been out with a party of friends sipping from the bowl of joy more than usual staggered home, at a loss to know how to conduct himself to prevent his wife knowing he was intoxicated. After turning the question over in his mind several times he decided that it would be well for him to kneel in prayer just before retiring, as he sometimes did.

"What in the world are you doing there, John?" asked his wife.

"Praying."

"Well, your prayer might have more effect if you took off that silk hat."—St. Louis Republic.

Can We Pull Anything?

Sir Oliver Lodge, the eminent English scientist, said in a lecture that there is no such thing as pulling. To speak of a horse pulling a cart was, he said, incorrect. The horse did not pull the cart. It pushed against its collar and thereby produced motion in the cart. Similarly the oarsman pushed the water, and the man drawing a handcart had to clasp the handle, and the driving force was caused by the part which clasped the handle and was therefore behind it. Even if the cart was fastened to the man's coat tail he did not pull it. He pushed against his clothes.

Considerate.

"And would you marry me if I were a poor girl, working for a living?" asked the heiress.

"Darling," responded the accepted suitor, "it wouldn't be fair. You'd be doing enough in supporting yourself."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Tired mother's worn out by the peevish, cross baby have found Cascasweet a boon and a blessing. Cascasweet is for babies and children, and is especially good for the ills so common in cold weather. Look for the ingredients printed on the bottle. Contains no harmful drugs. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

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THE JUNIOR PARTNER.

By Madeline Lewis.

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It was just one of those advertisements which hundreds who have answered them in vain term heartless: "Young lady stenographer and typist wanted in a business office. Must be quick and accurate. State salary wanted."

Of the thousands who read it and the scores, if not hundreds, who answered by letter was Kitty Burnham, daughter of a widow living in one of the suburbs of the city. She had seen and answered many such before. There was grave need that the little income left by the father should be eked out in some way.

She had little hope when the answer was sent off in its blue envelope that it would be heard of again, but to her great surprise and almost to her consternation she received a curt message asking her to call. To make her way to a business office to be questioned by the abrupt manager, to be tested as to her qualifications and perhaps told that she wouldn't do at all—all this was a nightmare to her. When she must state the salary wanted. That in itself showed a want of fairness on the part of the firm. It was taking advantage of the applicants.

Kitty spent an hour figuring, so much for street car fare daily, so much for lunches, so much left at the end of the week out of the sum she had made up her mind to ask. It would be only a pittance, and yet she must take it and hope for betterment. No man, old or young, could put himself in the place of a girl of nineteen applying for a situation for the first time in her life and being ushered through an office where a dozen men were at work into the sanctum of the manager. She expected to meet an ogre and to be shouted at. She had only entered the door when she would almost have given her life to be flying down the street. Next moment the feeling disappeared. There was no ogre. There was no shouting. A kindly faced man of forty-five looked up from a letter he was writing and greeted her thus:

"Ah, Miss Burnham, I was expecting you. Please sit down, and I will be through in a moment."

The kind words pulled her, and three minutes later she was answering questions and saying to herself that the man probably had a daughter of his own and was sparing her as much as possible. She had heard over and over again that there was no sentiment in business, and that the woman who took a man's place in an office must expect to be treated like a man, but here seemed to be proof to the contrary.

"My name is Mr. Gray, and I am the junior partner in the firm," said the man when he had finished his letter. "As this will be your first place you cannot expect the salary of an experienced girl. What figure do you think will be right?"

"I—I had thought of $8 a week," she replied, "but if you—you think that is too much I'll take $6." She didn't want to run away now. She wanted the place, and she didn't want the firm to think her too grasping.

"Let me see as to your stenography," said Mr. Gray, with a smile. "No need to be a bit nervous. Just imagine that you have been here for weeks."

He was not a lightning dictator. He did not tramp up and down the room and interrupt himself every moment to substitute words. In a quiet, easy way he dictated a letter, and when it was finished he nodded toward the typewriter in the corner, and the girl sat down and transcribed her notes.

"It couldn't be better," he said as she handed him the sheet. "Today is Wednesday, but as I am a bit hurried you might come tomorrow instead of waiting till Monday. As to the salary, you will be worth $10 a week to start on. Good morning, Miss Burnham. About 8:45 in the morning, please!"

Five minutes later she was on her way home to tell her mother the good news, and five minutes later Mr. Gray was saying to the head clerk in the outer office:

"Mr. Benson, I have a new stenographer coming in the morning—Miss Burnham."

"Yes, sir."

"It is her first place."

"Yes, sir."

"She is to be treated as a lady. Please see to it that there is no lolling for introductions by the young men. If she does not bring her lunch with her she will go out alone. Should I encounter her in the elevator or on the street I shall lift my hat to her."

"I understand, sir."

Mr. Benson returned to the outer office and communicated the news. The young men of the bookkeeping staff winked at each other and smiled. They were made up of the average young man, no better or no worse. One of them went beyond winking and smiling. He said to the man at his elbow:

"Listen to that, will you! The old man's got a private stenog and a good looker, and we must not even wish her good morning. Got to just raise our hats and look down at our toes."

The "old man" had come into the house years and years before as a humble employee and worked his way up to a junior partnership. He had never married, and so far as any one at the store knew he had no near relatives. His home had always been a boarding house or a hotel. When he had come into the firm it was predicted that he would marry within a year, but he had made no change whatever. The boys had winked and smiled over the message from the inner office, but all of them knew that the junior partner had a deep seated respect for womanhood, and in turn they respected him for it.

For weeks and weeks after Kitty Burnham had taken her place it might have been said of the "old man" that he hardly knew that she was in the office. The work was done quietly and without mistakes. There was hardly any conversation outside of business matters. When the first month was up he quietly informed her that her salary was raised to $12 per week, and her simple "Thank you, sir," seemed to cover the occasion. There were no introductions to the clerks and no invitations to lunch. In one case out of a hundred the girl was being given a fair show. She instinctively recognized the fact and was grateful for it.

One night after a hard day's work the "old man" sat alone in his room in a family hotel and indulged in a reverie for the first time in years. He found himself thinking of a home, of wife and children, of some one to kiss him goodby in the morning and welcome him home at night. And presently there came creeping into that reverie a face that startled him. It was the face of his stenographer.

He rose like a guilty man and waved the vision away, with a laugh. But it would not depart for good. He went out on the street and walked about, but he seemed to see that face. He fought to put away the idea of wife and home, but when it still clung to himself that he was getting nervous from overwork and ought take a week off. Next day when he dictated his letter Kitty noticed a change in his voice, and she m[illegible] that he avoided looking her in the face. There was some subtle change in him and it worried her a little.

That reverie came back to the junior partner and that face came back. connection with wife and home, and finally he welcomed them. Why shouldn't he have a wife and home? He was rich enough now, and he was longing for a change from his lonely existence. At the office he was the man of business; at his own room he was the man of reveries.

By and by there came a legal holiday, and the office was closed. At such times the "old man" usually hung about for half a day anyhow, but on this occasion he did not go near the store. Instead he took a train for the beach and saw the sea for the first time in years. Without really planning it he soon found himself in the suburb where Miss Burnham lived. He had carried her address in his head for days and days. He walked by the house. He would have laughed at the idea that he hoped to see her. At the gate he almost halted, as if he would enter and pay a call, but he caught himself just in time.

An hour later, in a seaside park half a mile away, as he sat alone on a bench with his reverie strong upon him, a young man and a girl took a seat back of him. A bush hid them from sight, but his heart gave a leap as he heard a well known voice. It was saying:

"No, Walter, there is no occasion for jealousy on your part. Mr. Gray is one of the nicest men I ever met, but he is an old bachelor and has never thought of love. Besides, he is at least forty-five, while I am only nineteen. The idea of my marrying a man old enough to be my father! Why, it's perfectly ridiculous!"

There was more conversation, but the junior partner heard nothing further. He rose softly and tiptoed away some distance. Then he sat down on another bench and hold his face in his hands until the ache ceased. He forty-five, she nineteen! Old enough to be her father! Old bachelor and never thought of love! A ridiculous idea! Walter was young. Youth mated with youth.

And the reveries and the dreams and the face passed away to return no more, and the boys at the office said that the "old man" was pitching into work as if he wanted to get something off his mind.

Dividing the Trout Family.

The majority of naturalists divide the salmo, or salmon, tribe into four species—the salmon, the sea trout, the brook trout and the lake trout. Scandinavian zoologists reduce these four to two species—salmon and trout—considering all the different kinds of trout as mere varieties of one species. There is little doubt about the identity of the lake trout and the brook trout, and experiments by Mr. Cligny with the fish of northern France make it appear that there is no more doubt about the identity of the common trout and the sea trout.

If there be a difference between the adults of the two varieties there is none between the fry. The fry of the two kinds cannot be distinguished one from the other until the trout, leaving fresh water, seeks brackish water in preparation for acclimatizing itself in salt. This takes place from May to July, during which time the fry of the common or brook trout, if brought into brackish water, gradually assumes the livery of the salt water fish. There is no room for doubt, according to this French zoologist, that the sea trout and the brook trout are one and the same species. The sea trout are a branch of the brook trout. If some of them are hatched as sea trout, many others are hatched as brook trout, and these young fish in descending the rivers become true sea trout.—New York World.

Where He Was.

Pompous Judge (to little girl in the witness box)—Was your father under the influence of alcohol when your mother struck him with the poker? Little Girl—No, sir; he was under the kitchen table.—London Telegraph.

ASCENSION ISLAND.

One Place in This Busy World Where Money Is Useless.

Now and then one hears of out of the way places where the conventions of life, as they are understood, do not exist. One of these is where money is useless. This is Ascension island in the Atlantic.

This island is the property of the British admiralty and is governed by a captain of the royal navy. There is no private property in land, so there are no rents, taxes, etc. The docks and herds are public property, and the meat killed is issued in rations. So are the vegetables grown on the farms.

When a fisherman makes a catch he brings it to the guard room, where it is issued by the sergeant major. The only private property are fowls and pigeons. Even the wild donkeys are under government control. They are listed on the books of the paymaster and are handed over at stock taking.

The population consists of a few bluejackets, a company of marines and some Kroos from Sierra Leone.

There a marine can do anything. The mineteer is a marine; so are the gardeners, the shepherds, the stockmen, the grooms, the masons, the carpenters and the plumbers. Even the island trapper, who gets rewards for the tails of rats, is a marine.—Exchange.

DEAN SWIFT'S CHANCE.

His Marriage of a Country Couple Caught In a Storm.

It is related of the whimsical Dean Swift that on one occasion when caught in a shower of rain he took shelter under a wide spreading tree, where he found a party of young people waiting for the storm to cease.

One, a girl, was weeping, and the man learned that she was on her way to church to marry a young fellow who was with her.

The party were walking, as was then the custom in country districts, but owing to the storm it seemed very much as if the ceremony would not take place that day.

"Never mind," said the dean; "I'll marry you."

He took on his gravest look and there and then performed the ceremony. At the end he tore a leaf out of his pocketbook and, with a pencil, wrote and signed a certificate, which he handed to the bride. Besides the names and the date, there was the following:

Under the tree in stormy weather
I married this pair and we began together.
Let none but him who rules the thunder
Sever this man and woman asunder.

—Reynolds' Newspaper.

A Burglar.

He was a twentieth century hustling builder, and under his auspices cottages and buildings seemed to spring up like mushrooms.

"Please, sir," said one of his foremen, rushing up to him one morning in a state of mental collapse, "one o' the new houses has fallen down in the night."

"What!" he roared. "You mean to say that one of my well built, desirable residential houses has come to grief? Ah, I suppose you took the scaffolding down before you put on the wall paper!"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what can you expect, you rank outsider? Call yourself a foreman! Get off the works! You're sacked!"—London Globe.

Two Rights and a Wrong.

At Camden shoe man sold a pair of shoes recently to a woman and after she had left the store discovered that he had made the mistake of giving the customer two rights instead of a right and left, as is customary. Rushing after the woman, he offered to make the wrong right, but was curtly informed that the customer was satisfied, as she had a wooden leg on the left side anyhow and needed only rights. Now the dealer considers himself dimflammed, because for the price of one pair of shoes he has really supplied the customer with two pairs.—Kennebec Journal.

The Other Half Is Waiting.

One of the most pitiable sights in the world is that of people who are using only a small bit of their ability while the rest of it is waiting to be used. It is still ineffective because of the many little weaknesses or peculiarities, the bad habits or the lack of preparation which handicaps and makes practically ineffective the whole life. How pitiable to see splendid talent, fine ability, everywhere tied down by comparatively little things!—Success Magazine.

A Good Memory.

"Excuse me, sir, but haven't we met before? Your face is strangely familiar."

"Yes, madam, our host introduced us to each other just before dinner."

"Ah, I was positive I had seen you somewhere! I never forget a face."—Exchange.

The Omen.

Mrs. Newlywed—But, my love, why are you weeping? Mrs. Newlywed—Oh, John, John! I just peeped into the kitchen and saw that cook has on her traveling gown.—Harper's Weekly.

In Nineteen Something Else.

The dead man found on the fifty-five story building is believed to have fallen from a neighboring roof. He was terribly crushed.—Success Magazine.

He that buys what he does not want will soon want what he cannot buy.—Simmons.

DeWITT'S KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS FOR
BACKACHE
Weak Kidneys, Lame Back and Inflammation of the Bladder
A WEEK'S TREATMENT 25c
Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Journey's End

By Forbes Dwight.

Copyrighted, 1902, by Associated Literary Press.

The mad gallop up the bridle path ended at the bridge across the little pond. The girl drew rein close to the stone parapet and, calming her restive steed, whose every nerve seemed a-quiver with the excitement of the wild dash, sat quietly on the saddle staring with pensive eyes at the unruffled water below.

Dean ranged his own horse beside the girl's, sniffing as he watched the glowing color in her cheeks. All about them the trees flaunted the gorgeous tints of late autumn—scarlet, ocher and more subdued shades, blending into a splendid, farreaching vista. The crisp, clear air stirred the blood like wine.

The girl laughed, a trifle uneasily.

"We shouldn't be doing such things," she said severely.

"Of course not," said Dean, with a chuckle. "We should have maintained a staid pace. We should have contented ourselves at the most with a measured trot. It's tremendously wicked the way we smash all the conventions of this park. We'll have a mounted officer on our trail yet. Pleasant prospect that. A glorious gallop, all the same, wasn't it, and well worth the risk of incurring the displeasure of the law?"

"Yes; it was glorious," the girl admitted. "Still, we shouldn't do it."

"That's where half the fun comes in," said he. "Hang their old park and its rules! Do they think we'll limit

"TAKE ME TO YOUR GENTLE OLD CLERGYMAN."

ourselves to a funereal pace such a day as this and with such a pair of steppers?"

"We really ought to," said she.

Dean laughed. It was a pleasant, almost boyish laugh. His big shoulders were squared defiantly.

"The things one ought to do are generally unpleasant," he observed. "Come on. We'll let them out once more."

The girl shook her head.

"No! Oh, no!" she demurred.

"Afraid?" he questioned.

She nodded.

"Of the rules they are pleased to hamper us with in this 2 by 2 plot of grass?"

"No, not of that," she replied. "Afraid of you, I think."

"Of me? Oh, pshaw!"

Again his laugh rang out, but the girl turned to him with a sudden seriousness.

"You make me rather afraid of you at times," she said. "You tempt me to do reckless things. I don't know why it should be so, but it is. I would never in the world have thought of riding here with any one else as I have with you just now, and the strange part of it all is that I enjoy it so immensely."

"Enjoy what?"

"Doing the reckless things you inspire."

Dean leaned toward her quickly.

"I wish it were so," he declared. "I wish I really might inspire you to reckless deeds. I wish I might"—

"Now, please," the girl begged, with heightening color.

"Oh, all right!" said he good naturedly. "I know the subject is tabooed. I'll observe the conventions you've imposed upon me and keep my tongue to the funereal pace."

He sat for a time staring silently into the water. At last he straightened himself in the saddle.

"I'd like another gallop," he remarked, "a wilder one, a madder one. I'd like to get out of this little old park and go somewhere where there's a level stretch of road and no hampering rules of pace."

A light came into the girl's eyes. She threw back her head and gathered up the reins.

"So would I," she declared, a trifle breathlessly.

Dean swung about to face her. There was a quiet smile on his lips.

"Come, then," he said simply.

"We really shouldn't," she objected.

"Come," he repeated.

"I'm afraid when you speak in that fashion."

"Come."

He turned the horse from the bridge and headed for the gate at the farther side of the park. The girl followed silently.

"Where are you going?" she asked as he turned through the gate and made for the road that led into the country.

"To a place where we can let them out to our hearts' content," said he.

Up the road through the afternoon sunshine they went at a sober pace, but once the city was fairly behind them Dean quickened the pace. Faster they went and faster until they were teaming along at a mad gait. Across level stretches and over the low hills they sped. The two horses had caught the spirit of the gallop and tore along at their best pace. The girl's cheeks were glowing; Dean's eyes sparkled with the excitement of it.

They paused finally on the crest of a hill. Far behind them lay the city, its position outlined against the sky by a smudge of blue smoke. Ahead of them lay a ragged line of hills, behind which glowed a sky red with the embers of the sunset.

"Well, that was a ride," said Dean, turning to the girl.

"Wasn't it?" she cried. "But we must be starting back. See, the sun has set. It will be quite dark if we don't hurry."

"I wish I might inspire you with a thorough recklessness," he said.

"You have," she said breathlessly.

"Then let's go just one more mile," he urged.

She hesitated.

"Come," she cried at last.

Down the hill they thundered, across a bridge that spanned a little brook and up the rise on the other side. Again they drew rein. The gorgeous twilight colors were fading. Below them lay a little village, its lights already beginning to twinkle in the gloom.

"Enough recklessness?" said he.

"Never! This is just the beginning."

"Now I'm afraid of you again," said she.

"Oh, no, you're not afraid of me," he said, with a strange gentleness. "You're afraid of a few old, time worn conventions. You're afraid of all those plans that have been made for your future—afraid to answer your own heart and go against them. You are afraid of yourself—that you may some time do as you want and thwart your mother's scheming for you. But you're not afraid of me."

She began to tremble.

"We must go back," she cried.

"Look," said he. "Do you see that spire with the cross on it? Well, beside that spire is a little rectory, and in the rectory is a gentle old clergyman. He's watching this road down hill even now. Dorothy, he's expecting us."

"Oh," she cried, turning her face away.

"Shall we disappoint him?" he asked.

There was a long pause; then without looking at him the girl started her horse down the hill. At the foot of it she stopped and resolutely faced Dean. Her cheeks were burning, but her eyes never faltered.

"I am afraid of you," she said, "because you will always have your way with me. You will rule me as you like, do with me as you please, even as you have done this afternoon. Yes, I am very much afraid of you—but—but—take me to your gentle old clergyman. I am very happy even in my fear."

Maryland Superstitions.

There are superstitions throughout all the counties of Maryland concerning crossroads and running water. Witches are supposed to make their home at the crossing of two roads and to appear there at midnight. One peculiar thing about witches is that they cannot get across running water, and a stream of any sort always acts as a protection to the nightly prowler who will follow along the bank of a stream in preference to the road. These are some of the things which are more generally believed in the country around Washington and along the Eastern Shore. Some of the articles of the creed of the superstitious in that neighborhood are:

If you sweep your room at night you sweep away your wealth.

Never shake crumbs out of a window after dark. They are supposed to fall into the eyes of the Lord and to disturb the spirits of the dead who wander abroad at night.

Don't wash your hands in water in which eggs have been boiled. You are liable to become covered with warts.—Baltimore Sun.

When a man writes as follows don't you think he means it? Mr. S. G. Williams, Powderly, Texas, says, "I have suffered for years with kidney and bladder trouble, using ever preparation I came across and taking many prescriptions all without relief until my attention was called to Pineules. After 30 days' trial ($1.00) I am feeling fine." Money refunded if not satisfied. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

A big cut or a little cut, small scratches or bruises or big ones are healed quickly by DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve. It is especially good for piles. Get DeWitt's. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

MADE TO MEASURE

Our Tailoring Department has the New Cloths for Spring.

200 Choice Worsteds and Cassimeres—the advance Spring and Summer fabrics.

You leave your measure, select your cloth and the suit is delivered in ten days.

Every individual point you like best is put in. It's made as you prescribe by artists in the made-to-order trade.

Just like high-class tailoring all but the price—that's only a little more than ready-made.

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52-54 Main Street.

BRADFORD, PA.

LICENSE APPLICATIONS.

Petitions and applications for licenses for hotels, eating houses, wholesale and retail liquor dealers, with or without other goods, and bottlers and brewers, at the June Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace in and for McKean County, Pennsylvania, to be held at Smethport, Pa., on Monday, May 11th, A. D. 1903.

HOTEL LICENSES.

Bradford City—First Ward.

T. F. Connealy, Connealy Hotel, No. 18 Mechanic street. Residence same.

E. H. Fox, St. James Hotel, Mechanic street, at the head of Main street. Residence same.

B. F. Hamilton, Capitol Hotel, Nos. 46 & 48 Main street. Residence same.

F. J. Hennessey, The New Pierce House, Nos. 197 & 199 Main street. Residence same.

Frank P. Holley, Hotel Holley, situate at the northwest cor. of Main and Davis streets. Residence same.

C. M. Hurley, Bay State Hotel, Nos. 84 & 86 Main street. Residence same.

P. H. Lavelle, Union House, Nos. 142 to 150 Main street, residence same.

B. F. McBride, Optien House, No. 41 Main street, residence same.

M. P. McCarthy, Willard Hotel, Nos. 134 & 136 Main street, residence same.

W. J. McDonell, Industry Hotel, Nos. 15, 17 & 19 Davis street, residence same.

P. Mulqueen, Mansion House, Nos. 5 to 7 Mechanic street, residence same.

Z. J. Pearson, New Edgett Hotel, Nos. 83 & 85 Main street, residence same.

M. A. Quinn, United States Hotel, Nos. 19 & 21 Mechanic street, residence same.

Clara B. Smith, Hotel Wyoming, Nos. 87 & 89 Main street, residence same.

H. G. Bolt, Washington House, Nos. 12, 14 & 16 Webster street, residence same.

A. C. Stengel, Corry House, Nos. 18 & 20 Webster street, residence same.

R. S. Watterson, Oil City House, Nos. 122 & 124 Main street, residence same.

Nathan Weil and Louis Lovitz, The Black Bear Hotel, Nos. 14 & 16 Pine street, residence of Nathan Weil same, Louis Lovitz 55 School street, Bradford, Pa.

Bradford City—Third Ward.

J. H. Lyons, Akin House, Nos. 15 & 17 W. Washington street, residence same.

Bradford City—Fifth Ward.

Edward A. Hathaway, Rochester House, Nos. 211 & 213 Main street, residence same.

Bradford City—Sixth Ward.

Patrick Kunze, The Tuna Valley House, No. 618 East Main street, residence same.

Patrick M. White, The American House, No. 444 East Main street, cor. E. Main street and Kendall Ave.

Eldred Borough.

Clyde C. Lewis, St. Elmo Hotel, cor. Main and Depot streets, residence Eldred borough.

Mrs. Freda C. Ogilvie, Gold Eagle Hotel, northeast corner of Depot and Railroad streets, residence Eldred borough.

H. W. Rice, Central House, No. 70 Main street, residence Eldred borough.

Foster Township.

W. F. Parks, Row City Hotel, Row City, corner of Bradford and Smethport road and Plank Road Highway, residence Row City.

Hamlin Township.

John C. Block, The White Star Hotel, N. side of Main street, Hazelhurst, Pa., residence the same, Pa.

Fred. Eckhart, Eckhart House, S. side of Main street, Hazelhurst, Pa., residence Hazelhurst, Pa.

S. Landen, Hotel Hazel, N. side of Main street, Hazelhurst, Pa., residence Hazelhurst, Pa.

Kane Borough—First Ward.

Stephen Barrett, Jr., Windsor Hotel, Nos. 17, 19 & 21 Fraley street, residence Kane borough.

Annie F. Donovan, New Arlington Hotel, No. 15 Fraley street, residence Kane borough.

Martin Dolan and Dawson P. Crowe, Kane House, Nos. 23, 25 & 27 Fraley street, residence Kane borough.

P. W. Durkin, Rowley Hotel, No. 120 Fraley street, residence Kane borough.

N. A. Nelson, Hotel Lamont, Nos. 29 to 33 Fraley street, residence Kane borough.

Morris B. Pierce, New Fleming Hotel, Nos. 10 to 16 Fraley street, residence same.

W. W. Swalley and Martin P. Grant, Kane Hotel, Nos. 70 to 72 Fraley street, residence Kane borough.

Kane Borough—Second Ward.

Andrew Mangan and Lawrence C. Sloan, New Centennial Hotel, Nos. 60, 62 & 64 Fraley street, residence same.

Kane Borough—Third Ward.

John Fleming, New Thompson House, Nos. 6, 8, 10, 12, 14 & 16 Fraley street, residence Kane borough.

Kane Borough—Fourth Ward.

A. W. Hamm, St. Elmo Hotel, Nos. 162 to 166 Fraley street, residence same.

Lafayette Township.

Simon E. Cooney, Bradford House, Lewis Run, N. side of Main street, residence Lewis Run, Pa.

William Doyle, Mountain House, Marshburg, N. side of public highway leading from Marshburg to Bradford, residence Marshburg, Pa.

Jas. Mahoney, Butts House, Mount Alton, Pa., cor. of road leading from Mount Alton to Buttsville and road to Riderville, residence Mount Alton.

John J. McQueeney, Davis House, Mount Alton, Pa., W. side of street leading from Mount Alton to Buttsville, residence Mount Alton.

Mount Jewett Borough.

Francis L. Campbell, Fairview Hotel, S. side of Main street, residence Mount Jewett borough.

E. O. Cleveland, Brewer House, S. side of Main street, residence Mount Jewett borough.

E. W. Long, Commercial Hotel, S. side of Main street, residence Mount Jewett borough.

B. D. Thompson, Linden House, S. side of Main street, residence Mount Jewett borough.

Otto Township.

James W. Bolleau, Duke House, Duke Center, W. side of Main street, residence Duke Center, Pa.

Port Allegany Borough.

Joseph M. Butler, The Butler House, S. E. cor. Main and Mill streets, residence Port Allegany borough.

C. S. King, Bartwell House, S. side of Mill street, residence Port Allegany borough.

P. Regan, Connelly House, 5 & 7 Pearl street, residence Port Allegany borough.

William Vanvickles, Allegany House, cor. of Mill street and Railroad Ave., residence Port Allegany borough.

Sergeant Township.

Frederick J. Sillies, Clermont House, Clermont, E. side of Pine street, residence Clermont.

John L. Smith, Sayer House, Clermont, residence Clermont.

Smethport Borough.

John O. Dodge and Frank L. Sherburne, Wright House, cor. Main and Mechanic streets, residence of John O. Dodge, Keating township, Frank L. Sherburne, Smethport borough.

M. S. Geary, Hotel Imperial, No. 101 Main street, residence Smethport borough.

E. L. McCrary, Cottage House, cor. Water and Fulton streets, residence Smethport borough.

James McGuire, Grand Central Hotel, S. side of W. Main street, residence Smethport borough.

T. H. Purtle, Commercial House, cor. Main and Franklin streets, residence Smethport borough.

EATING HOUSE OR RESTAURANT LICENSES.

Bradford City—Third Ward.

J. T. O'Donnell, City Restaurant and Lunch, W. cor. of Mechanic and Washington streets, residence 155 Pleasant street.

Kane Borough—Second Ward.

John F. Quinn, Lyceum Cafe, No. 5 Field street, residence Kane borough.

Port Allegany Borough.

Keran Hanlon and John J. Hanlon, City Restaurant, W. side of Keyes street, residence Port Allegany borough.

Samuel St. Clair, W. side of Peark street, residence Port Allegany borough.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL LICENSES WITH OR WITHOUT OTHER GOODS.

Bradford City—First Ward.

Frank J. Collins, Congress Saloon, under the name and style of N. H. Conaghy, No. 102 Main street, residence Bradford.

A. M. [illegible] and M. Lefkovitz, [illegible] No. 138 Main street, residence Bradford.

E. F. Mc[illegible] and [illegible] H. [illegible], No. 138 Main street, residence Bradford.

Neal Wertheman, No. 99 Main street, residence Bradford city.

Kane Borough—First Ward.

John Dolan, No. 81 Fraley street, residence Kane borough.

Kane Borough—Second Ward.

George W. Berry, 186 Fraley street, residence Kane borough.

John E. Healy, No. 78 Fraley street, residence Kane borough.

Mt. Jewett Borough.

Charles Lunden, N. side of Main street, residence Mount Jewett borough.

Port Allegany Borough.

John L. Bayer, W. side of Railroad Avenue, opp. new Penna. depot, residence Port Allegany borough.

Smethport Borough.

William H. Hungerford and Fred H. Hungerville, S. side of Main street, residence Smethport borough.

LICENSE TO BOTTLE AND VEND MALT AND BREWED LIQUORS.

Bradford City—First Ward.

Frank Lyons and Edward J. Beckwith, No. 29 Webster street, residence Bradford city.

Bradford City—Fourth Ward.

P. H. Davlit, No 56 Mechanic street, residence Bradford city.

Eldred Borough.

E. R. Tanner, W. side of Railroad street opp. Penna. R. R. depot, residence Eldred borough.

Hamlin Township.

Alfred Hagberg, Hazelhurst, Lot No. 10, E. side Randall street, residence Hazelhurst, Pa.

Kane Borough—Second Ward.

J. M. McCarty, No. 90 Field street, residence Kane borough.

Port Allegany Borough.

John L. Bayer, W. side of Railroad Ave., nearly opp. Penna. R. R. depot, residence Port Allegany, Pa.

LICENSE TO BREW, MANUFACTURE, VEND AND SELL MALT AND BREWED LIQUORS AT WHOLESALE.

Bradford City—Fourth Ward.

The Bradford Brewing Company, William Hanley, President, Duluvin Emery, Secretary, Nos. 15 to 25 Fourth street, its present address is Bradford, Pa.

All licenses must be lifted within fifteen days after the same are granted or they will be void.

WM. H. MORRISON,
Clerk.

Smethport, Pa., April 21st, 1903.

BRADFORD, PA.

JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.

Bell Phone 500 Union Phone 493

Executor's Notice.

Estate of Ann Reilly, deceased, late of Smethport borough, McKean county, Pa.

Letters testamentary having been granted to the undersigned all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement.

M. C. O'BRIEN, Executor.

Smethport, Pa., April 25, 1903.

FOR SALE ON 6TH AND 16TH FILL SOLD

Hollins Little Liver Pills

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